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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 30, 1904.

The Week.

Mr. Root's speech at Chicago shows how literally he has "resumed the practice of the law." It was skilful, plausible, but essentially an advocate's plea. Intended, of course, as much for circulation in the form of a campaign document as for immediate effect upon his audience, it was a reasoned attempt to persuade the country that Republican rule and Republican policies are for the public good. The absence in it of the note of personal adulation is most grateful. Its entire suppression of Jingoism and the screaming eagle proves that Mr. Root is more sagacious than all the barbaric yawpers. He has nothing to say about the big-policeman theory of our mission. He is not anxious to "police" a single disorderly Government, except our own. Corruption in the Federal services he glides over deftly. The tariff he damns with faint praise, holding out a hope of needed revision—though, of course, only by its "friends." (How can Republicans say that any more without laughing in each other's faces?) Of the Philippines he paints a bright picture, though he admits reluctantly that it may be necessary to acknowledge their independence some day. But neither he nor the party is willing to make any promise to that effect. Mr. Root had a few unguarded moments. For example, he went over bodily to the quantitative theory of money, and discoursed of "per capita" as glibly as any silverite or greenbacker. Whatever may be said of this, it is too obvious a justification of old Democratic contentions, and too plain a hint of the way of escape for the Democratic platform-writers, to have been expected from so astute a special pleader. And was it not a mistake to affirm so roundly that the action of the President in the Panama matter was "in accordance with the law of nations"? This is to remind people that it has been denied; and also to recall the fact that our most eminent expounders of the law of nations have asserted the contrary.

The Republican position is rapidly getting to be that the Democrats cannot be trusted not merely to revise the tariff, but to undertake any part of the administration of Government. Mr. Root laid it down in his speech that they would be "unfriendly guardians" of the Panama Canal, and therefore that no patriot could think without alarm of its being dug under a Democratic President. Presently we shall be told that pensions can be paid out only by the hands of their "friends," the mails sorted by good and true Republicans alone, and "seeds" dispatched to farmer constituents only by those who are "friendly" to vegetation. Such complacency in their own powers has been observed in public men before. It was remarked of one English Ministry that they were fully convinced that they were "the only body of men competent to carry on affairs." Yet that keen politician, Benjamin Disraeli, declared in his Life of Lord George Bentinck that such a conviction on the part of men in high office "is often current on the eve of great changes."

Mr. Root's address before the Yale Law School on Monday will hardly be dedicated, when it is published in full, to President Roosevelt. It would be too much like the humorist's fancy of writing a 'Life of Naboth,' with some account of his Vineyard,' and dedicating it to his Majesty King Ahab! For Mr. Root's measured and weighty words on the dangers to the common weal which arise from the ignoring by those in high office of the limitations of their power by law, can have only one personal bearing. If they mean anything, they mean a condemnation of Mr. Roosevelt's tendencies. In a more sober dress, Mr. Root presents the same thought which, clothed in Bourke Cockran's glittering rhetoric, impelled the House of Representatives to frenzied applause—namely, the peril of executive usurpation and the duty of resisting it. It is a needed and courageous utterance which Mr. Root has made. It will carry far and do good—all the more so if it causes the ears of a certain "great officer" to tingle.

Since the dispatch which demanded "Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead" will be constantly cited on the stump as the heroic act of a President who does things, it may be well to look into the chronology of the events which led up to Mr. Perdicaris's release. It proves that the threat had no effect in Morocco, and was timed not with any view to hastening Mr. Perdicaris's liberation, but rather with the purpose of enlivening the Convention on June 22. Here are the facts: (1) On Tuesday, June 21, the ransom of Perdicaris and Varley had been deposited at Tangier, and it was morally certain that they would be promptly released. (2) On Wednesday, June 22, about 3:30 P. M. the Perdicaris dispatch was read at Chicago. Presumably there had been no delay in its transmission, and at 4:30 (Eastern time) it must have been sent simultaneously to Chicago and Tangier. It could not, allowing for the difference of time, have reached Consul Gummere at Tangier before 9:30 P. M. (3) But by that time it was thoroughly known in Tangier that the go-between, Mulai Hamet, would leave early the next morning, with the ransom, for his sixteen-hours' ride to Raisuli's camp. Now note that the famous dispatch could not have been received before the late evening of the 22d; that Raisuli was sixteen hours, by horseback, away in the mountains; that Mr. Perdicaris, as he told the representative of the Paris *Herald*, knew that the Sultan had granted all Raisuli's demands "three days before the ministers were aware of it at Tangier"; finally, that Raisuli actually brought Perdicaris and Varley to the rendezvous appointed at the time appointed. In other words, when the threat came over, everything was taking its regular course; nobody in Tangier, not even the captives in the mountains, had any reason to suspect that the release would be delayed, much less refused. The chances are that Consul-General Gummere read the telegram, smiled as he remembered it was convention time, and turned over and went to sleep again. This is the true story of what history, if it deigns to signalize the matter at all, will set down as one of Mr. Roosevelt's most characteristic bits of catchpenny bluster.

Gov. La Follette seeks consolation for his snub in the Convention by speaking a shocking amount of truth against the party machine. He tells his Wisconsin constituents that the Republican party is no longer patriotic, but plutocratic; that it is secretly opposed to the President's attempt to control the corporations, and that it is void of principle of any sort. Gov. La Follette adds, to be sure, that he and Mr. Roosevelt share certain anti-Trust convictions which, with the aid of the people, they mean to force upon the party. This, however, is not a campaign argument of the ringing kind. No ingenuous voter will rush to a body which is charged with a desire to knife the candidate it has nominated by acclamation, and for principles can only point to the hope that it may acquire some during the campaign.

If they but knew it, Lodge is the best friend the people of Massachusetts have. His attitude at Chicago towards reciprocity was such as to cover a multitude of previous sins—including his stifling of that issue at the State Convention recently. According to the Boston *Journal's* correspondent, the general sentiment at Chicago was "Reciprocity be damned." He says it was only by Lodge's "grim determination," in the face of the whole resolutions committee, that the "little sop" in favor of reciprocity in "non-competitive articles only" was obtained, and he did not suc-

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ceed in getting even this until four o'clock in the morning. So the friends of reciprocity, says the Boston *Record*, are shown that the man they have so bitterly attacked is "the only real friend" they have among the Republicans of note in the whole country. But we are afraid the 35,000 New England petitioners for reciprocity will not view it in that light.

Few realize in what a state of flux President Roosevelt's Cabinet has been. The latest changes merely come upon the heels of many. Mr. Roosevelt lost successively President McKinley's Postmaster-General, Secretary of the Treasury, Secretary of the Navy, Secretary of War, and now Attorney-General. Even his own creation, Secretary Cortelyou, steps out before he has fairly got to work. But the President shuffles the Cabinet about cheerfully, as if it were only a question of changing orderlies. Unfortunately, the impression is given throughout that politics, not efficiency, is the prime consideration. There is Postmaster-General Payne, for example. His health is as badly broken as his prestige. He is the first one whom the President should ask to resign. The Post-Office Department, which, we suppose, is still being investigated "in our own way and at our own time," would be better off without him. Yet he stays on while better men go. The reason is avowed: he is simply to keep the place warm for Mr. Cortelyou till after the election. That all this injures the efficient conduct of the public business is certain. It also tends to degrade the Cabinet itself, and to make its members mere pawns to be moved about at the President's convenience, and purely for political reasons.

In his letter to the retiring Attorney-General, the President says no more than is Mr. Knox's due in paying tribute to his legal ability, skill, and laborious devotion to the work of the Department of Justice. Mr. Roosevelt's superlative habit ran away with him, however, when he ranked Mr. Knox above all the "great and able men" who had preceded him in office. And when the President states that "the development of our entire political system in its relations to the industrial and economical tendencies of the time" has been "deeply affected for good" by the Attorney-General, does he mean to imply that the work is all done, and that no more Trusts are to be "busted"? It would look so, until after election at any rate, since it is announced that Mr. Moody's appointment as the successor of Mr. Knox is only a stop-gap. A man who intends to withdraw from the Cabinet and "practise law" after six months, will not be likely to practise much anti-Trust law while temporarily in the Department of Justice.

If battle-scarred Republican politicians were angered by the President's making a raw recruit like Mr. Cortelyou chairman of the National Committee, what will they say to his placing Mr. Paul Morton in the Cabinet? Here is a man whose Republican wedding-garment is yet confessedly creased with newness. Of Democratic ancestry, himself a Gold Democrat until very recently, his sudden promotion over Republicans who have borne the heat and burden of the day is certain to provoke bitter complaints in the vineyard. But the laborers therein must know that they have a master who proposes to do what he will with his own—his own being the party and the Government. He likes Mr. Morton personally, and doubtless considers it clever politics to bid for support by independent Democrats through an example of the ease with which they may obtain office by the simple process of becoming Roosevelt Republicans.

We trust that the first thing Mr. Cortelyou does as chairman of the National Republican Committee will be to stop the publication of indiscreet information by the Bureau of Statistics. Take the figures just issued regarding our trade with Japan. The facts confound all the theories of the friends of protection. The figures show that our exports to the Mikado's empire amounted to $22,594,713 during the past eleven months, against $19,854,843 last year; but they also show that in the fiscal year 1900 the exports amounted to $29,087,475, whereas, on June 30, 1904, they will probably not exceed $24,000,000. The significant fact is that this falling off marks a blow at a great American industry. For the first eleven months of 1900 Japan imported 161,500,000 pounds of American cotton at a cost of $12,666,666, but for the same period this year she took less than 24,000,000 pounds, valued under $3,000,000. Owing to prosperity prices under a Republican Administration, Japan has been obliged to buy her cotton of India, and with it has become an increasing competitor of ours in the China market for cotton goods. Last year she was the only nation to make increased sales there.

But this is not half the story. While out total exports to Japan for the eleven months were $22,594,713, our imports were $44,367,461. Certainly, our experience with Japan gives the lie to the champions of protection. And there is more than appears on the surface, for many of the things which make up Japan's "balance of trade" against us are articles which are displacing similar American products. An excess of imports compounded in this way should be kept out of sight in a Presidential year. The figures just given out by the Bureau of Statistics show very clearly that the heavy imports of Japanese gold at San Francisco in the last few months could not have been for American account. They money was unquestionably for Europe. The fact is, Great Britain manages to sell Japan more than she buys from her, and is thus able to provide us exchange on Tokio. We hope our campaign orators will ignore that fact on the stump this year; and the chief of the Bureau of Statistics should also be given the hint.

At the dinner recently given by Gov. Bates of Massachusetts to the Filipino Commissioners some influence—perhaps of the place—had an exhilarating effect upon our friends from far away, for they unloosed their tongues to an extent which must have caused Secretary Taft to grieve profoundly. It is barely possible, however, that they may have been incited by the speech of Mayor Collins of Boston. According to one newspaper account, he told "the recently pacified gentlemen from the Philippines" that "there was a God in Israel." Let the Filipinos, he said, "take back the example of Lexington and Bunker Hill, and may the spirit which was exhibited there inspire the 8,000,000 of these islands." No wonder that one visitor after another rose up and vehemently asserted that the American Government ought formally to declare its intention to grant the Philippines complete independence. One of the speakers asserted that, though the islands were able to throw off the yoke of Spain, they wished to secure "by friendly means" their independence from the United States." Clearly, it was a mistake to let the visiting Filipinos set foot upon New England soil.

It is possible that the introduction of sixty-four new typesetting machines into the Government Printing-Office this summer may work a radical reform in the American theory of government. According to the *Tribune's* Washington correspondent, the five hundred extra hand compositors who are employed during the sessions of Congress will not be needed, and, beginning with the coming session, will not be hired. But can it be possible that the Administration has any intention of making the Public Printer conduct his business as cheaply and as efficiently as a private establishment? Suppose this rule were applied to all the departments. What a cry would go up all over the land if the supernumeraries in our custom-houses and post-offices were given their walking tickets! "Extras" are one of the ends for which government has existed in the past, and it is certainly strange for the Administration to choose this particular time to start a movement for business-like economy. Of course such a departure will win a certain amount of applause, but is

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this not likely to be heavily outweighed by the disgust of organized labor and of our statesmen? The latter will have five hundred fewer snug berths for the "boys" of their districts.

After three months of the new "Jim Crow" street-car regulations in Richmond, Va., the boycott by the influential negroes has been effective enough to result in one change of the rules. On the rear seats of the open cars, smokers of both races are permitted to mingle, and as yet the social system of Richmond has not been destroyed. The only arrest attempted thus far among the colored patrons was of a mail carrier who, an officious conductor believed, was occupying a forbidden seat. As it turned out, however, the seat was one open to negroes, and the conductor was discharged for interfering with a United States mail carrier. The negroes are using the most effective method to convince the street railway company that its rules are ridiculous—they are walking whenever possible. The company's prediction that three months of walking would bring the colored people back to the "Jim Crow" sections has failed signally of fulfilment, and it is predicted that other modifications of the obnoxious rules will soon be made.

Taking advantage of Policeman Roosevelt's preoccupation, the bad boys in Port-au-Prince have been stoning the French and German Ministers. This will worry police headquarters in Washington. It had been hoped there that, while Policeman Roosevelt was doing duty at the polls in the United States, order might be preserved elsewhere on his large beat. But France and Germany have had to take the law into their own hands in Hayti and have got their apology unaided. The chances are that any other troubles between now and November in South and Central American alleys will be adjusted in the same offensive fashion, to the imminent danger of the Monroe Doctrine. Under the circumstances, any less active guardian of the peace than the White House *gendarme* would complain that his beat is too large. Not so, however, with the Constable of the Continent. He is but temporarily doing election duty, and we warn those roystering fellows to the south of us to crowd all their fun into the next four months.

For sustained interest a tariff war is preferable to a military contest. The longest military fracas is over in a comparatively short time, and the acute suffering occasioned by it is soon forgotten. But tariff animosities perpetuate themselves decade after decade. This fact is illustrated by the report of the committee appointed by the French Parliament to investigate the tariff relations of the republic with outside nations. It declares that "Germany has forged against her neighbors, against her industrial competitors, a formidable weapon, capable of profoundly troubling the economic relations that exist between them." But can a nation "profoundly trouble" its neighbors without itself being adversely affected? The committee points out the "exceedingly remarkable results" achieved by German agriculture within the last ten years, but it also says that, in looking over the last three years, this growth seems to have reached its maximum. In view of the continued low prices for farm products and the high price of labor in Germany, "the farming community is quite discouraged." What a strange conjunction!—a high tariff and low prices for its beneficiaries. And how singular, too, that "Germany is every year obliged to look abroad for her cereals." But strangest of all is the fact that, though France pretends to have been "profoundly troubled" by the tariff aggressions of her neighbors, she always has more ready cash to lend than any other nation.

As regards tariff retaliation, the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. Germany has made this discovery, and as we are a big nation and are talking rather loudly of discriminating duties, it may do us no harm to note the outcome of the game she has been playing with Canada. When, in 1898, the Dominion granted the mother country a tariff preference of 33 1-3 per cent., Germany claimed an equal privilege under an existing treaty with Great Britain. The latter overcome the difficulty by denouncing the treaty. This led to the imposition by Germany of maximum rates on Canadian goods; and the end of it all was that Canada, in 1903, put a sur-tax on the products of the Kaiser's subjects. Would any one have supposed that the 5,000,000 people of the Dominion could defeat the 56,000,000 of the Empire in a tariff fight? Yet it appears, from Canadian official reports, that for the nine months ended March 31, 1904, our northern neighbor imported only 530,000 pounds of raw sugar from Germany, against 150,000,000 pounds the previous year, the business being shifted to British Guiana and the British West Indies. It would seem that playing with retaliation is like playing with lightning—it is impossible to predict where the bolt is going to strike.

Since Togo's latest torpedo dash, which resulted in the sinking of a battleship of the *Peresviet* type and the disabling of the *Sevastopol*, the Port Arthur squadron is reduced to four battleships, all badly damaged, and a miscellaneous assortment of lighter vessels, of which the cruiser *Bayan* is the only formidable fighting machine. A small part of Togo's fleet can now maintain the blockade easily, while the rest may reinforce Kamimura in the Straits of Korea or escort an expedition to Yinkow. Incidentally, the appearance of the Russian squadron in the outer roadstead shows that the harbor channel has either never been blocked or has subsequently been cleared; but probably the blocking tactics, aside from their demoralizing effect, have prevented free egress from the harbor and pocketed the Russian fleet for long periods.

Two rather significant movements emerge from the ruck of Far Eastern dispatches. An advance has been made from Siu-yen to the pass of Feng-shuiling on the direct road to Kaiping. A little earlier, Oku, below Kaiping, had detached a column towards the right to join the force advancing by the southern road between Siu-yen and Kaiping. By this time the juncture must be effected, and the three Japanese columns bearing on the Kaiping-Ta-che-Kiau line must be in touch at not more than twenty miles distance from Kuropatkin's right wing. What he has to fear is a simultaneous attack from the south (Kaiping) and at Ta-che-Kiau (the junction for Niu-Chwang). Tactically, his position seems weak. His flank appears to be already turned, the Japanese columns moving upon him from the east are operating in mountainous country highly favorable for concealment, and it will be very difficult for him to foresee just whence the blow against his line of communications will be struck.

Forty miles to the north a remote but formidable danger impends. The Japanese, by a clever flanking movement from the south, have taken the famous pass of Mo-tien-ling on the post road between Feng-Wang-Cheng and Liaoyang. This places them in a very strong position within twenty-five miles of Kuropatkin's old headquarters. In case of a serious reverse to the south, a small force from this point of 'vantage could easily turn a retreat into a *débâcle*. Obviously, Kuroki has taken considerable risk in throwing out a brigade more than forty miles from his main line of advance, and has counted confidently upon the immobility of the Russians. Probably such a movement indicates also that Kuropatkin's effective force is still inferior to that of the united Japanese armies. The seizing of Mo-tien-ling, even if it should be in the nature of a feint, will probably detain at Liaoyang many regiments which would otherwise go to reinforce Kuropatkin. The Japanese net is being drawn inexorably about his southern positions. The news we have indicates that he is massing his forces near Kaiping, where the greatest battle since the Turko-Russian war may soon be fought.

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THE NOMINATION.

It has been very easy to nominate Theodore Roosevelt; it will be more difficult to elect him. He was the inevitable candidate of his party, though many of its leaders dislike him and many of its rank and file distrust him; but he is not the inevitable candidate of American voters with the alternative of a trustworthy Democrat. From now on begins the process of persuasion, and what have the Republicans to offer but the magic name of Roosevelt? The party cries ring hollow: prosperity-compelling protection meets the fact of business depression; anti-Trust oratory would leave a vacuum in the campaign chest; shipping subsidies cannot be advocated in the face of a depleted treasury; sound currency is a non-contentious issue; even on the subject of Imperialism, no one longer seriously urges Mr. Roosevelt's "the-flag-will-stay-put" argument. We doubt if any Republican campaign committee has faced a contest with so little partisan ammunition in reserve. Charges of panic and disloyalty upon the Democrats are worn out. What remains is simply the glamour that surrounds the personality and the deeds of the candidate.

Whoever doubts that Mr. Roosevelt is the sole Republican issue has only to remark the last two days of the Chicago Convention. What changed the apathy that greeted Mr. Root's weighty chronicle of Republican successes into the tremendous enthusiasm that followed the braggadocio concerning Raisuli, Gov. Black's flamboyant portrait of a stern, unterrified war chief, and Mr. McKnight's florid visions of the commercial conquest of the world? Why, simply the introduction of Mr. Roosevelt in his heroic—we may say, his legendary—aspect. It was this that moved gagged and bound delegates to enthusiasm; it is in this sign that the Republican party will conquer next November, if conquer it can. But it is a terrible thing to be legendary before you are dead. Few statesmen have had Disraeli's luck to keep even pace with the popular belief in them, and no statesman who ever so little disappoints a people habituated to scan him in heroic dimensions, is forgiven. Witness the most instructive instance of Admiral Dewey.

The triumph of Mr. Roosevelt, then, depends largely upon his ability to seem for the next four months as lovable, picturesque, incalculable, sensational, heroic, as he has appeared for the past seven years. It is a task to appall any one but Theodore Roosevelt; it may well transcend even his histrionic powers, hampered as he is by the Presidential office, for your professional hero is terribly in danger of repeating himself, and even more in peril of taking the fatal step from the sublime to the ridiculous. And Mr. Roosevelt is driven towards an awkward dilemma. Could he carry on his continuous heroic performance at a pressure which would but just content the strenuous West, he would take the risk of scaring the effete East into the arms of any reasonably restful Democrat. To frighten the East means to sap the golden stream of campaign contributions at its Wall Street fountain-head, and a drought at this point is serious, for even the West will not indefinitely shout itself thirsty at its own expense. Yet we believe that Mr. Roosevelt must confidently cast himself upon his legend. The hypocrisy of posing as a "safe" candidate merely would be as intolerable to him as it would be transparent to all his doubtful supporters. For this campaign he is the party, and the Republicans will find his volatile personality both their strength and their weakness.

Herein lies obviously the opportunity of the Democrats. They may present not only a man, but a programme. Their man cannot possibly rival Mr. Roosevelt in so-called popular qualities: he may, however, have the advantage of presenting himself straightforwardly for what he is worth. He need not divert the energy fairly due to advocacy of his party's principles into incessant self-exploitation or heroic attempts to bolster up a waning legend. As he reveals his personality to his fellow-countrymen, he need not be haunted by the harrowing fear that he is being found out. This is a dread that can never be very far away from Mr. Roosevelt, who must know better than any of us how vulnerable his legend really is. There is also a great advantage for a new candidate of a regenerated Democracy in the fact that everything possible has been said in extolling Mr. Roosevelt's virtues, and the country is possibly just a little bit weary of its strenuous Aristides. It is certain that Mr. Roosevelt will win very few votes between now and November; he may lose many. On Thursday afternoon he touched his maximum strength—a sufficient and overwhelming strength it may be; but his qualities and the position of his party are so well known that, if there is any weakness to-day, that weakness is irreparable. Either Mr. Black's boasting was truth or mere bluster; let the Democrats prove which.

Their hope of beating Roosevelt lies in striking him where he is vulnerable—in his enormous egotism and capacity for swift error; and in attacking his party where it is most open in its stolid adhesion to the selfish interests it has wilfully confused with the American people. The combination of a man of solid parts standing on principle would to many be far more attractive than the spectacle of a man of glamour thundering upon the slippery planks of the present Republican platform. Toward Mr. Roosevelt's future the attitude of thoughtful men is that of the publicist Nefftzer toward Bismarck, then Ambassador at Paris, whom Drouyn de Lhuys, the French Foreign Minister, had declared to be a negligible quantity. "Alas," said Nefftzer, "we shall see that man at work; he is more than dangerous—he is attractive." With all willingness to admit Mr. Roosevelt's attractiveness, there is a considerable dread of seeing the man at work.

THE PLATFORM.

A certain amount of clap-trap must be allowed for in every national platform. Its framers are no more on oath than the authors of lapidary inscriptions. Parties would not be parties if they did not, on dress parade, indulge in more or less humbug and boasting. The Democrats at St. Louis may be trusted to trumpet their own virtues as lustily as the Republicans at Chicago. But there is always a residuum in the official deliverances of a party, by which its main attitude may be determined, its hopes and fears inferred, its future policy predicted. Judging in this way the latest Republican platform, we can only say that its chief planks are an extraordinary compound of timidity and shuffling, designed to catch everything while promising nothing, and are in glaring contrast with both the character and the record of the candidate.

For cool mendacity commend us to this statement of the platform-makers at Chicago: "A Democratic tariff has always been followed by business adversity; a Republican by business prosperity." This is to affirm that the panics of 1873, 1884, and 1893 all took place under Democratic tariffs. The truth is that they all took place under Republican tariffs. The first and only Democratic tariff during the past half century, the Wilson bill of 1894, was not even introduced until six months after the panic of 1893 set in. The panic of 1893 took place under the McKinley tariff and was one of its direct consequences. The repeal of the sugar duties and the bounty on domestic sugar caused a deficit in the public revenues. This occurred simultaneously with the Sherman Silver act of 1890, which was passed as a log-rolling measure to help the McKinley tariff through the Senate. When the panic of 1893 took place, the Republican politicians did not ascribe it to a Democratic tariff. They said that it was caused by a fear that there would be a Democratic tariff. They ignored the McKinley tariff and the Sherman Silver bill, which were existing facts of their own devising (facts quite sufficient to account for the mischief), and charged it all to the election of Cleveland—not to anything that Cleveland had done, but what they expected he would do. The Wilson tariff, which came a year and a half later, maimed and perverted as it was, repaired in part the unhappy consequences of the Republican "deal" with the silverites

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in 1890. It restored the sugar duties and repealed the sugar bounties, and Mr. Cleveland caused the repeal of the Sherman act; but the mischief that had been done could not be undone in a moment. The panic of 1893 unsettled business too profoundly for instant readjustment. Time was required for healing the disorders caused by the Republican political game of 1890. Instead of saying as before that it was due to expectation of a Democratic tariff, the Republicans now ask the public to believe that the panic took place under the operation of a Democratic tariff.

Next let it be borne in mind that President Roosevelt is on record, in his Life of Benton, as a convinced free-trader. If that be dismissed as a youthful folly, knocked out of him by the necessity of getting office at the hands of protectionists, recall his public speeches as President in 1902. In them he argued openly for tariff revision, and specifically committed himself to the proposition that every duty sheltering a monopoly should be, "of course," abolished. Furthermore, his friendly biographer informs the public that one of Mr. Roosevelt's ardent ambitions is to do away with tariff abuses in his second term; while intimates of the President are taking tariff-reformers aside, in Washington and elsewhere, and assuring them that the true way to accomplish their objects is to reëlect Roosevelt. On top of these well-known facts comes the heathenish prostration of the platform-makers before the tariff fetish!

Thus we have a tariff-revising nominee upon a tariff-worshipping platform, and a bold and forthright candidate standing upon a mixture of trickery and hypocrisy. For no man can read the tariff planks without either indignation at their falsehoods or amusement at their transparent evasions and word-juggling. Talk about words being used to conceal thought—here we have words employed in the attempt to conceal cowardice and cheating. Reciprocity "wherever consistent with protection"! That is, going North so long as you go South. Reciprocity, provided it be "without injury to American agriculture, American labor, or *any* American industry." The force of slipperiness could no further go. Any New England or Western Republican who is fooled by that would be capable of buying a gold brick at every block on his way down Broadway. Evidently, there is *one* American industry which has not yet suffered injury, and that is the manufacture of tariff planks by tricksters for gulls.

All the tariff and Trust parts of the platform are conceived and expressed in so low and mercenary a spirit, bent on catching votes at any price and wheedling men into campaign contributions, that one asks wonderingly if the intention can possibly be to make the campaign on such issues. Is there nowhere a breath of the old Republican aspirations for liberty and human rights? May not the President and the Republican orators kick all these miserable shuffles about the tariff from under their feet, and make their appeal on a platform of fair play and equal rights before the law for men of every race and color? We should be glad to hope so. We should be glad to believe that the plank about disfranchised negroes and the enforcement of their Constitutional guarantees meant a vigorous and honest campaign on that issue. But, frankly, we see no proof that the party is in earnest about all that. Its chief thoughts are of war, conquest, money, and special privilege; and devotion to oppressed peoples goes ill with such absorptions. What do we find the Convention doing with the prayer of 7,000 college presidents, bishops, philanthropists, and reformers that it speak a word of hope to the Filipinos? Throwing it into the waste-basket. Suppose 7,000 manufacturers had united in asking a tariff favor! The Republican party would have bowed obsequiously to its masters. But the pleaders for liberty knocked at its door in vain.

We can judge Republican professions of solicitude for the negro only by Republican deeds in his behalf. The party has taken no decided step to recognize him as a man, fully entitled to his political rights. It permitted the nomination of a negro collector to go unconfirmed by a Republican Senate, simply because he was a black man. It talks now about "Congressional action," but what has it been doing with its Congresses while the negro has been discriminated against? Absolutely nothing. It has not even, by the Committee on Credentials, looked into the grossly unfair and illegal conditions of the suffrage in the South. Until it gives us something more than vague promises, therefore, we have no reason to suppose that it means to stir in this matter. A catch-all platform simply has a plank to catch the negro vote in the North. That was what Senator Hanna frankly confessed to be the object of the Ohio platform last year, and, till better advised, that is what we must think was the sole design of the Chicago platform.

All told, it is melancholy reading for those who remember how hatred of slavery and oppression everywhere was for years the very breath of life in the Republican party. That spirit is fled. The party falls in the dust before its new idol, and shouts only, "Great is our goddess Protection!" And even in that pitiful enslavement it has neither consistency nor courage.

"THE SOCIETY OF TO-MORROW."

The little band of French economists of which M. de Molinari is perhaps the most prominent, has long occupied a unique position. They are free-traders in a country sodden in protectionism; they uphold the liberties of the individual in a community which seems steadily drifting into socialism. In a sense, these men may be called unpractical theorists; they preach to an evil generation, which cares nothing for their message. One might suppose that they would give up—not their doctrines, for that would be mental suicide, but their attempts to persuade the world of their truth. What is the use, they might well exclaim, of preaching to those who will not listen and who cannot understand?

Very far from this is the attitude of M. de Molinari and his associates. In the *Journal des Économistes* their principles are set forth now as they have been from the beginning, and from time to time are published with fresh applications in books distinguished for clearness of grasp and admirable literary style. Like the old philosophers of whom Plato said that they went on their way without caring very much whether they were understood or not, the French economists have been content to declare the truth and to support it with arguments that are unanswerable, thinking their unpopularity no excuse for abandoning their mission. In a book entitled 'The Society of To-morrow,' just published by Messrs. Putnam, M. de Molinari contends that mankind is on the eve of passing into a greatly improved political state. He brings out with great force the truth, to which we are blinded by the maxims of democracy, that government always and everywhere is in the hands of a ruling caste or class. Governments, he explains, are of the nature of commercial enterprises. They furnish services, the chief of which are internal and external security:

> "The directors of these enterprises—the civil and military chiefs and their staffs—are naturally interested in their aggrandizement on account of the material and moral benefits which such aggrandizement secures to themselves. Their home policy is therefore to augment their own functions within the State by arrogating ground properly belonging to other enterprises; abroad they enlarge their domination by a policy of territorial expansion. It is nothing to them if these undertakings do not prove remunerative, since all costs, whether of their services or of their conquests, are borne by the nations which they direct."

The nation has really no choice but to accept the policy of its Government. When the nobility ruled, it had a certain proprietary interest in the nation. The people were its estate, which it was interested in having flourish. The power exercised by the monarch or the aristocracy was justified by the state of war in which mankind has until recently lived. The necessity of repelling attack gave the sovereign unlimited power over the lives and wealth of his people. When the ownership of the political establishment passed into the hands of the na-

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tion, representatives, agents, or delegates undertook to exercise this power. They are nominally chosen by those members of the nation who possess political rights, but they become the nominees of parties. The latter are really armies contending for the advantages which go with the exercise of government. In order to enlist recruits they must promise rewards, which consist in offices of all kinds. The managers of the parties are compelled to make the interest of party supreme, regardless of the interest of the commonwealth. In fact, the nations find themselves to-day overwhelmed with debt, and compelled to apply two-thirds of their enormous taxes to military purposes.

Clearly, M. de Molinari argues, the conditions suitable to the state of war have been perpetuated in an age which already enjoys the state of peace. There is no longer occasion for military expenditure, or for the absolute control exercised by Government over the liberties of its subjects. The limits of nations are now defined; the titles to the several parts of the earth have been quieted. Just as the individual yielded a portion of his liberty to the community in order to obtain protection, so the nations must now relinquish their right of private war. A collective guaranty against aggression must be substituted for the armaments that are now crushing the life of the peoples. The smaller States of Europe are no longer required or allowed to wage war; the concert of the Powers compels them to adjust their quarrels by arbitration.

This association of the great Powers is compelled to justify its interference with the proceedings of States which, though small, are nominally sovereign and independent. They do so by appealing to the rights of humanity and the demands of civilization. Thereby they invoke a higher law than their own sovereign will, a greater power than that of their armies. The ramifications of trade are now so extensive that all nations may be affected by a war between any two Powers, and the interests of neutrals are more and more asserted and recognized. Release from the burdens of this state of war will enable civilization to bound forward. "The economy in blood and treasure will be no more than an incident of the benefits accompanying the advent of a state of peace. A new cycle of progress will be opened, the era of a new and better life for humanity."

It is easy to sneer at Molinari's powerful argument as implying but an iridescent dream. No doubt the ruling classes will struggle hard to maintain and to extend a system of government which furnishes them so many advantages at the expense of the common people. But the stars in their courses fight against them. The Tribunal of The Hague has already done far more than would have been thought possible a few years ago, and it has but begun its work. It remains only for enlightened and benevolent men in all countries to insist that their governments shall enter into a confederation for the orderly adjustment of their differences. If individuals submit to the decision of the court of justice, associations of individuals can do so. It is immaterial that these associations are called nations; or rather it is all the more material that these great communities should take the final step in the advance of civilization which began with the suppression of private war.

THE COLLEGE SMALL BUT FIT.

The accomplished Latinist, Professor Morris of Yale, speaking at the Williams Commencement dinner, shook the idols of that typical small college rather sharply when he reminded it that, Topsy-like, it was growing into a large college. He added that his hearers should welcome the change, as he did, and give over the futile attempt to remain small; trying rather, in full consciousness of inevitable increase of numbers, to maintain their traditional social and academic life. His forecast is fully borne out by the statistics. Thirty years ago the small colleges of the East—Williams, Lafayette, Brown, Bowdoin, Amherst, Dartmouth, Hamilton, Union, Rutgers—averaged somewhere about 200 students each; to-day, with few exceptions, these colleges number about 400, while Dartmouth with over 700, and Brown with over 900, have passed numerically out of the class. In another aspect, the small colleges of to-day have about as large an attendance as the large colleges of a generation ago, and only the multiplication of new institutions—an unlikely event—will save the small colleges from becoming virtually extinct as such.

That, many feel, would be a pity; for there is not merely a relative but an absolute difference between an academic body of 300 and, say, one of 500 students. In one case there is considerable uniformity of experience, in the other extreme diversity. With classes of one hundred and fifty, or so, the divisional system breaks down, and undergraduates, instead of all coming under the instruction of a few professors, are distributed to a multitude of underlings in the academic hierarchy. At this point, too, the homogeneity of classes of about one hundred or less gives way to the more diversified activities of clubs, fraternities, and the like. So that the peculiar social and academic training which constitutes the stamp of the college tends to become blurred, and in the end we might expect to see the Amherst, Williams, or Bowdoin graduate as little redolent of his origins as, say, the bearer of a *Reifezeugniss* of his gymnasium. Or, putting it in other words, the organiaztion of a college of 500 men is necessarily much that of a college of 1,000 or 2,000, and uniformity of organization reacts upon the product—the graduate.

Now, we are not unwilling to admit that a compensating gain of larger numbers and broader activities does make up in some measure for this transformation of a peculiarly American institution, but it would be unfortunate, we are certain, that the only survivors of this historic type should be such colleges as are not small by choice, but by reason of poverty or denominational association. There is, we are convinced, a field for a group of colleges which should be small by preference—aristocratic, if you will, but aristocratic along intellectual lines. Imagine a college which admitted not more than 300 students, and provided the traditional curriculum, in which the classics, mathematics, and philosophy held the chief place. Suppose the course to be purely disciplinary, and arranged absolutely without reference to the future callings of its students. Such a college would seek in its small teaching force—twenty would be a sufficient faculty—primarily character and ability in the classroom. In all matters it would set quality of instruction before quantity of subjects and courses. Science it would teach, but chiefly in its philosophical bearings. All the men would pursue the same courses, but the contact between professor and pupil would be so close that the ambitious undergraduate might be carried in any subject far beyond the minimum requirement, while in the companionship of men of wide culture many subjects—the literatures of England and Europe, a fair acquaintance with history, all the painful small beer of the new-style curriculum—would be acquired almost without effort. For it may be assumed that the man who knew not only Greek paradigms, but the Greek drama, would find his way easily to Shakspere, Molière, or Calderon.

Utopian as this fancy may seem, nothing stands in the way of its realization except expensiveness and the difficulty of getting vitality *ex cathedra*. As for the money, people will pay for what is clearly good value; as for the danger of uniting debilities and calling the conglomerate a faculty, good ability can be had when the cause is worth its while: Kings at Cambridge and Balliol at Oxford find no difficulty in securing dons worthy of their great traditions. Plutocracy—the undoubted bane of our older colleges in the East—would hardly invade a college that admitted only honor men, while by a prudent allotment of free scholarships the tendency to merely social aristocracy would be offset. Indeed, the enthusiasm and personality of its teachers would constitute them admirable mentors for the sons of the wealthy. One can imagine an atmosphere—it exists in some of the

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English colleges—in which the vulgar ostentation of wealth would be impossible. On the part of the professors would be required the conviction that simplicity and discipline are the ends of education. With them it would lie to prove that Greek and Latin have never worn out; that only the tradition of teaching them has decayed.

Such a college would, we believe, soon create a place for itself, through the conspicuous efficiency of its graduates in active life. Witness the Japanese students of the Buddhist books who plan brilliant campaigns, or the Oxford honor-men in classics who rule distant provinces of the Empire. To establish a college on this basis should attract a benefactor with an eye to the original. Meanwhile, any of the older colleges which, renouncing the vain competition with the universities, should elect to remain small on this basis, ought to win some better fame than that of an interesting survival.

THE SECRET OF HAWTHORNE.

On October 25, 1835, Nathaniel Hawthorne, then in his thirty-second year, wrote this memorandum:

"A person to be writing a tale, and to find that it shapes itself against his intentions; that the characters act otherwise than he thought; that unforeseen events occur; and a catastrophe occurs which he tries in vain to avert. It might shadow forth his own fate—he having made himself one of the personages."

Could Schopenhauer have read this note he might have taken it as the text of his wonderful essay on Genius:

"Normal intellect," says Schopenhauer, "is the medium of motives; it originally sees no more in things than their relation to the will—the direct, the indirect, the possible." "Where the representing power of the brain has such a surplus that a pure, distinct, objective picture of the outside world is formed *without a purpose*—a picture which is useless for the purposes of the will, and in the higher degrees a hindrance, nay, which can even be an injury to them—there the predisposition at least exists to that abnormity which is denoted by the name of *genius*, indicating that here something foreign to the will—that is, to the real ego—as though it were a genius coming from the outside, seems to become active."

That Hawthorne did not write the particular tale suggested by his note of 1835 would thus be explicable by the fact that most of his great works are more or less of that character. And the explanation would be confirmed by Hawthorne's experiences. The most delicate of moralists as to his life and will, his book 'The Scarlet Letter' was accused of immorality. It wove a halo around an impenitent outcast who says to her reverend lover, "What we did had a consecration of its own." Twelve years before, in 'Endicott and the Red Cross' (1838), the wearer of the letter had no halo: "Sporting with her infamy, the lost and desperate creature had embroidered the fatal token in scarlet cloth, with golden thread and the nicest art of needlework." Hawthorne being one-third Puritan but two-thirds artist, Hester's "nicest art" threaded its way to the artist and carried the Puritan along helplessly. As for the famous portrait of the old inspector of the Custom House, after the artistic two-thirds (the genius) had finished it, the prudent one-third limpingly tried to overtake and arrest it. But advanced sheets had already been sent to the *Literary World*, the veto was too late or disregarded, and Salem Custom House turned into a hornet's nest. A daughter of the deceased inspector talked of "cowhiding" Hawthorne. "He holds a dark steed hard," said Emerson of Hawthorne, but the dark steed had a way of taking the bit in his mouth, and sometimes brought the benevolent man to wonder at what his genius had done. My friend Mr. G. M. Williamson has in his Hawthorne collection a copy of 'The Scarlet Letter' with a marginal note in Hawthorne's handwriting on this sentence relating to the inspector: "I have heard him smack his lips over dinners every guest at which, except himself, had long been food for worms." Hawthorne has written on the margin: "I myself have often been the recipient of his titbits, and my children also. This is my gratitude for it."

Mr. Williamson sends me a letter written to him by a scholar born in Salem (1834) who says:

"I remember very well walking up Essex Street behind Hawthorne, who wore an ample cloak with a high velvet collar, and following him—for we were bound for the same place—into the Salem Athenæum Library, where he would glide into one alcove and I into another, he to read I know not what, and I to devour the works of Fielding and De Foe. There seemed then to be a sort of lonely, mysterious air about him, quite in keeping with the impression made on me shortly afterward by 'The Scarlet Letter.' I can distinctly recall the hubbub created by the preface, and the loudly expressed indignation of the clerks in the Custom House and their families. It was a Mr. Dutch, I think, who revelled in the memory of a goose he had once eaten, and it was a daughter of his who talked of 'cowhiding' Hawthorne. Mr. Dutch clung to his queue and shoebuckles after these fashions had disappeared. 'Joe' Waters was the young man with literary aspirations; it was a brother of his who worked out the history of John Harvard, founder of the University. General 'I'll try' Miller, who lived in a brick house near the Custom House—a house once occupied by Bowditch the mathematician—I can see in my mind's eye at this moment, and Hawthorne's description of him is stereoscopic."

Many examples of the waywardness of Hawthorne's genius might be quoted: he narrowly escaped a lawsuit for the character of Judge Pyncheon ('House of the Seven Gables'); he vexed the "come-outers" flocking to Emerson ('Mosses from an Old Manse'), also many Brook Farm pilgrims ('The Blithedale Romance'), and set England in an uproar by 'Our Old Home.' These echoes surprised and distressed Hawthorne; he had no desire to trouble any mortal. It was also a sorrow to him that the shadows were so thick in his tales. "Ah, if I could only write a sunshiny book!" So he said to Fields; but happily his genius said, No. Sunshine! What, and put out all the mystical constellations and the tender moonlight and sweet dreams! Hawthorne never wrote a popular book. The 'Life of Franklin Pierce' bearing his name* brought sunshine to a political party, and a kind of sunshine to the home his genius had stinted; but those for whom his real works were written love him as Ben Jonson loved Shakspere, "on this side idolatry," because through him spoke the World-soul from its depths. Emerson, prophet of the Over-soul, recognized its counterpart where

> "The patient Dæmon sits
> With roses and a shroud;
> He has his way, and deals his gifts—
> But ours is not allowed."

I long ago remarked that there was a Hawthorne cult, and that its devotees were nearly all people publicly advocating causes and reforms with which Hawthorne had no sympathy. Hawthorne's 'Life of Franklin Pierce' probably made Pierce President, but while other men of ability on the pro-slavery side—Webster, Choate, Everett, etc.—had been steadily impaled by anti-slavery orators, I remember no denunciation of Hawthorne. John Lothrop Motley was his most intimate friend in Europe, and had him as his guest for a time in London. I asked Lady Vernon Harcourt, Motley's daughter, how she and her father, with their strong anti-slavery principles, managed to get on with the biographer and consul of Pierce. "Ah, well," she said, "he came from Fairyland." W. W. Story and his wife in Rome, who described to me the jubilant days when Hawthorne and Motley were both there, and how the three men rambled together like boys in holiday, felt, like Hiram Powers and Sumner, inclined to whitewash Pierce because he had lifted the Hawthornes out of poverty.

When 'Our Old Home' appeared, the English reviews were so wrathful that Fields told me Hawthorne begged him to send no more of them. But when, soon after I was in England, meeting the author's friends and readers, I found no resentment among them at all. Browning, Lord Houghton, Francis Bennoch, Lord Dufferin, Tom Hughes, Henry Bright, Charles Bray—all active sympathizers with our anti-slavery cause, all patriots—ignored the limitations of the individual Hawthorne, and saw only the illimitable genius and the wonderful personality in which it had enshrined itself. "At my table," said Lord Dufferin to me, "he did not talk much, but showed his interest in those present and in everything said. And we felt at every moment that we were in the presence of those wonderful eyes." Mrs. Charles Bray, wife of the author of a work on 'The Philosophy of Necessity' which attracted Emerson (herself a literary lady and the particular friend of George Eliot), at Coventry, wrote me (1893) of Hawthorne:

"He took me in to dinner, and I think talked exclusively about Miss Evans, asking questions of all kinds about her, which I was glad to answer to one so appreciative and so interesting as himself. He was one of the few men of genius whose personality corresponded with the ideal we had formed of him, and to this day I can recall vividly his modest, almost shy, manner, and his very expressive and strongly intellectual face."

When I first saw Hawthorne, fifty-one years ago, there arose in my mind the line of Spenser, "Soul is form and doth the body make." I have read everything he ever wrote, have written his life, and followed his tracks through Europe and America, and at every step have had the grand figure and face of the man rise before me in a quasi-symbolical way, as if his marvellous creations were all summed up in him. Although we must, I suppose, continue to

* "I did not send you the 'Life of Pierce,' not considering it fairly one of my literary productions."—*Letter to Horatio Bridge*, October 18, 1852.

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speak of "personality," I sometimes feel that there ought to be another word descriptive of the rare genius which cannot be confused with individuality, but represents universal ideas in a unique way, and this by necessity. Coleridge hesitated to apply the word "personality" to deity, and spoke of "the personeity of God." It is a far cry from the translunary deity of Coleridge to the World-soul that inspired Hawthorne, but where the actualities of human nature and life take such complete possession of an intellect that it is detached from egoism and self-interest, some profounder word than "personality" is needed to define it. And some such word would long ago have been in use were it not that this kind of genius is too rare to need a name; and indeed it at times possesses uncultured and inartistic minds that cannot give its practical uselessness the attraction of beauty, and so obtains the name of eccentricity, or perhaps insanity.

The combination of qualities in Hawthorne was rare; he was a scholar, a gentleman, a lover, an artist; that he should also have a genius supernatural enough to impress all these qualities to the work of imaging the spirits of nature, made him the magician imagined by Shakspere in *Prospero*. There have been great men who may conceivably return; but there can never be another Hawthorne. The one given us was nearly starved, and not even the still, small voice that summoned Hawthorne from Salem Custom House is now calling for the genius whose products are uncultivable and unmarketable.

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION.

ST. LOUIS, June, 1904.

So little in the way of mere description of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition has appeared in Eastern papers, that a feeling of amazement can hardly fail to strike the arriving visitor as he enters the grounds, first views the beautiful effect, and begins to apprehend the immensity of plan. The countries of the world and their products would seem to have vied with architects, sculptors, and landscape artists to produce a whole of surpassing splendor, which not to see means distinct loss.

The centre, the point of departure, as it were, for a sort of radial system, is, of course, the great Festival Hall, crowning a fine natural hill. Upon its enormous organ constant recitals will be given by famous organists of many nations. From either side of this dominating structure the imposing "Terrace of States" curves outward, a chain of colonnades flanked by sculptured groups and by flower beds in fullest bloom, and ending in a noble pavilion at either end. Immediately in front of the Festival Hall a series of mighty cascades tumbles downward into the quiet central lagoon; from the pavilions branch two lesser lagoons, which, with various intersecting canals, flowing under low, arched bridges, make a charming system of waterways.

As one emerges upon the high terrace before Festival Hall—perhaps the finest vantage-point for a first general view of the heart of the Exposition—the effect is well-nigh dazzling as the glance wanders across the foam of descending cascades to a veritable fairyland of beauty, a white city of radiant architecture and adornment, fountains near at hand springing up to catch the sun in a myriad rainbows, flowers of a thousand tints brightening lawns, banks, and sunken gardens, fine statuary on every hand, and all in wonderful harmony with a dignified and impressive plan. Comparison with the Court of Honor at Chicago at once suggests itself, but without serious detriment to either. Each is perfect, a gem, in its own way. At Paris in 1900 there was no central expanse comparable to either of these, with the possible exception of the vista from the Trocadéro down to the Eiffel Tower. In magnitude, actual and spiritual, Saint Louis stands unrivalled.

Another method of attempting to apprehend superficially the immensity of the entire scheme is to take a car of the intramural railway, at its first station near the building devoted to Varied Industries, and circumnavigate the grounds. With their twelve hundred and forty acres, this is not a trip of a moment. We first pass the Transportation Building, which, by the way, contains far more of interest than corresponding exhibits in any previous exposition, showing everything on its subject from Indian runners, pony express, and the white-topped "prairie schooner" of the early settler, and a dozen or more old locomotives in progressive order, to the most perfectly equipped modern train, in which private and parlor cars vie with one another in black oak, Tiffany lamps, and other truly artistic furnishings. Nor are the examples of the subject confined to this country, for sedan chairs, palanquins of various sorts, and the picturesque methods of travel prevalent in many portions of the globe, primitive and civilized, ancient and modern, offer hours of object-lessons to the non-travelled visitor.

Great Britain's pretty brick country-house, with its formal gardens, huge English policemen, and historic furnishings, comes next, and just beyond rises the lovely curved roof and brilliant coloring of China's Oriental domain. Inside are many rare and beautiful objects in old carved furniture inlaid with ivory and pearl, ancient embroideries, scroll pictures, and more than the usual native wealth of adornment. After this the car strikes the outskirts, and, under the shade of many old trees originally in the Forest Park appropriated to the Exposition, reaches a station near the permanent stone buildings to be occupied a year or more hence by Washington University. At present the Board of Lady Managers has here its pleasant headquarters, while another wing contains anthropological exhibits and the Jubilee presents of Queen Victoria. Sometime the inner quadrangle will be an academic retreat, but for this year its inauguration is confided to the Exposition visitor.

Still onward, the car will carry one past the Physical Culture Building, the big athletic field, and stadium, capable of seating nearly 30,000 persons, to the American Indian industrial exhibit. But of greater interest to the casual visitor are the native Indian villages just beyond, in whose picturesque tepees organized industries never had a place, whose architecture is wholly aboriginal, and where the simple life of squaw and pappoose and unemployed brave goes on in full view of the passing throng. Other native villages also cluster in this portion of the grounds, most conspicuous those of Filipinos and Moros, many shacks overhanging the waters of a small pond, quite after their home habit. A good imitation of the walls of Manila and one of its gateways has been erected here, the whole approached by a bridge, which might span the actual moat surrounding the walled city itself.

Fortunately, the intramural cars run slowly, and one has ample opportunity to watch the approach to the Forestry and Fisheries Building, which contains an immense amount of interesting and valuable material, New Zealand and Japan especially making a fine showing. The Government pictures of good and bad tree-cutting, the forceful illustrations of the really brutal method generally employed in this country of despoiling forests without a thought of their absolute extermination, and, on the other hand, the proper way of cutting conservatively, with an eye to future years, cannot fail, it would seem, to impress even the most thoughtless. The pretty little Ceylon edifice and its opposite neighbor representing India appear just here, and the United States life-saving station, where at intervals during the day may be watched the entire process of rescuing survivors from wrecks. In full view, too, is the huge floral clock adorning the lawn at one entrance of the enormous building devoted to Agriculture, which is said to contain over four miles of aisles. One can well believe it when an entire day may be *most* entertainingly spent in going once around the outer aisles with only casual inspection of their riches, and then realizing that the whole interior has practically not been touched. The famous floral clock will become constantly more beautiful as the season advances and the dial-figures of blossoming plants grow larger and more brilliant. The minute-hand of this original time-piece is reported to weigh twenty-five hundred pounds.

Throughout this portion of the grounds, and increasingly as the Horticultural Building is approached, is a fine display of gardens, lawns, nurseries, and shrubs, themselves an effective illustration of methods. For ten minutes or more after leaving this building the car passes delightfully through the original park forest, a gently rolling country, richly wooded with oaks, chestnuts, black walnuts, and other trees indigenous to the region, finally emerging at the Inside Inn, said to be capable of accommodating 4,000 or 5,000 guests. While of light and temporary construction, exits are so numerous and the walls so low that it would seem impossible for a fire to result in loss of life. Many of the great conventions have here their headquarters from time to time very conveniently, thus eliminating the nightly crush in trolley cars and suburban trains.

Grouped picturesquely in this hilly quarter of the grounds among the fine old trees are homes of the various States—Missouri's large and airy; that of Massachusetts simple and colonial, with a good but small collection of historical relics. Iowa and Kansas show statues and portraits of their famous men, while Mississippi brings an interesting replica of "Beauvoir," the home

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of Jefferson Davis, filled with old mahogany, china, and portraits, many of them genuine relics from the original mansion. New Jersey and Connecticut are very perfectly colonial, the latter showing, perhaps, the most delightful interior anywhere in the grounds. New York and Pennsylvania are imposing and stately, and the others more or less characteristic, as the minds of a State's representatives turned to present effect or historic suggestion. Along shady ways one may reach the big Government Building below, where, from the wide flights of low steps, another fine vista opens over a pretty sunken garden, aflame with flowers, to the central lagoon and plaza. This building is always thronged, its exhibits unfailingly interesting and educative, from representations of the Yosemite and Yellowstone to the famous Signet meteorite, and cases of relics rescued from the Dead-Letter Office. After the "Missouri" station of the intramural railway, but a single one remains before its ending, just after passing the "model city," with town hall, churches, hospitals—a municipal object-lesson well worth study.

Having viewed the beautiful effect from the lofty height of Festival Hall, it is well, after emerging from the car at this final station, to walk a few steps onward in the same direction, until the same vista can be seen from the opposite and lower end. At this point one looks first over the wide Plaza Saint Louis, with its statues and the Louisiana monument, to the central lagoon and cascades, fountains, and Festival Hall. Here surges back and forth under the trees a never-ending, but never closely packed crowd, listening to band concerts frequently in progress from an open pavilion near the centre, or passing in and out of the four great buildings on either hand, devoted to manufactures, varied industries, electricity, and education. The Lindell Boulevard entrance "gives" upon the plaza just here, and affords an effective first view.

There is not space even to touch upon individual exhibits in all these huge buildings, almost bewilderingly diverse and interesting as they are. From French costumes and Redfern gowns, German vases, cut-glass and art silver, to Italian statuary, Dutch tiles, and Tiffany lamps, Arizona turquoise and Austrian chrysoprase, the procession of beauty and achievements grows, and it becomes well-nigh hopeless to absorb even a superficial impression, in a mere week or two, of this conjunction of world industries. Japan is particularly well represented. Besides its own charming houses and gardens in the neighborhood of "Jerusalem" and "Morocco," and its "Pike" temple and teahouse and attendant jinrikishas, nearly every building shows extensive and complete exhibits from this most versatile of nations. And they were installed practically on time.

Much has been written of the unfinished condition of grounds and exhibits, but it almost seems that undue prominence has been given this aspect of the Fair. In May and early June, to be sure, freight cars did come in with belated trophies, many thoroughfares were not paved, and an army of gardeners was still engaged in sodding, planting, and making waste places beautiful. But buildings and general effects were there, and exhibits enough for months of study. And in the last weeks of May every individual laborer's work seemed to tell. By the middle of June unfinished bits were in a rapidly vanishing minority. Of course one cannot understand why every great exposition should apparently of necessity be behindhand by a year or two, and then fail to meet the opening day in completeness as well; and perhaps that will be the point of coming advance in such affairs of the future. But even in May there was much to dwell upon quite as obvious as unpreparedness, and far more interesting. While this point of criticism is at hand, however, we may also mention that the management fails in being considerably less strict than that of Chicago in 1893 as to the throwing about of refuse by visitors; and many fine lawns in the neighborhood of the numerous chairs and benches thoughtfully provided for public comfort are made hideous by orange and banana skins, discarded boxes, and papers. There are receptacles for such things, and printed requests to use them, but these are not steadily enforced, as at Chicago. The Jefferson Guards are helpful and amiable, but not so generally intelligent, as to finding special exhibits or persons, as the corps of young men, many of them students in Western colleges, who push about the countless wheel chairs. Though not as easily propelled or comfortable as Japanese jinrikishas, which would indeed have been a boon in this enormous pleasure ground, the chairs form a welcome relief to most persons from the weariness of continual walking, and there are comparatively few vacant ones. Industrious and conscientious sight-seers, stout women, elderly men, are met at every hand rolling about grounds and buildings with satisfaction and relief depicted upon their wearied countenances.

Two subjects remain, without some mention of which no article, however general, would be even superficially complete—and they are at the antipodes from one another—the Pike and the Art Palace. Prof. Halsey C. Ives, chief of the fine-arts department, says the loan exhibition will be the finest ever shown; and although this central portion of the big building was not thrown open to the public for many weeks, I have had the pleasure of seeing some fine things in process of placing, many splendid sculptures, and premonitions of what is to come. Both wings were early finished, and one may study room after room of German art, beautiful and characteristic specimens of Dutch painting, while Italy, France, and Sweden have contributed generously to the very remarkable whole. In the latter department the portraits by Zorn are especially strong, and are constantly surrounded. In the sections devoted to Japan are some typical snowstorms, early morning mists, and other effects full of the dreamy suggestiveness of the native art, which make these rooms a delight. Just beyond are bronzes, ivory carvings, and wonderful cut velvets, while, penetrating still farther, a room is reached wherein Japanese artists have depicted Japanese scenes, to be sure, but through the medium of foreign training. In some way all the elusive charm, the subtle aroma of the purely native art, has vanished. It is good painting, the technique cannot be criticised, the scenes depicted recall vividly the flowery country; yet it is wholly unsatisfying. Even the faint odor of Japan, which always hovers about any considerable collection from its shores, and which touches all these rooms with a reminiscent charm, fails to idealize these good Japanese paintings by Japanese artists done in "foreign" style. The educative value of the Fine Arts Building, taken as a whole, can hardly be overestimated. Indeed, the entire Exposition may be said to give, in the language of a recent visitor, "the maximum of cosmopolitan knowledge with a minimum of mileage."

The Pike is an expurgated Midway, but brilliant enough it is, especially in the evenings, when it is thronged with visitors, many of whom have just come from dining at the "Tyrolean Alps," where most delicious dinners are served to the music of a large orchestra discoursing Wagner and Beethoven as the courses progress. China and Japan, Cairo and "mysterious Asia" add their quota of picturesque passers to the daily evening throng, and it is a spectacle which must not be missed. But far from the Pike, near the central lagoon at night, is where the beauty of the plan comes to fullest flower. Every architectural accent, every dome and pillar, column and tower, and gable—in fact, every line of all the buildings—is outlined in light which sheds a soft radiance into every corner. Fountains and cascades come forth in pale emerald green, gondolas ply softly back and forth along enchanted waterways, and the fairy city of some master mind seems to have come to actual life before us.

We may quote from Mr. Gilder's sonnets of the "vanishing city" of 1893 words equally applicable here. Perhaps this latest embodied dream may yet find its own poet:

"Never before—
Save where the soul beats unembodied wings
'Gainst viewless skies—was such enchanted shore
Jewelled with ivory palaces like these:
By day a miracle, a dream by night;
Yet real as beauty is, and as the seas
Whose waves glance back keen lines of glittering light,
When million lamps and coronets of fire
And fountains as of flame to the bright stars aspire."

MABEL LOOMIS TODD.

THE LAST YEARS OF MME. DE MAINTENON.

PARIS, June 17, 1904.

The last years of Madame de Maintenon were spent in complete retreat, and historians have had nothing to say about it. Whatever may have been the faults of her youth and of her life, she showed, after the death of Louis XIV., whom she survived by four years, that she had a sense of dignity which has generally been wanting in the favorites of kings. She had succeeded in bringing Louis XIV. to the foot of the altar; Scarron's widow had become the wife of the great king, of whom she said, during the years of his courtship, "Je le renvoie toujours découragé, jamais désespéré." A French writer, very severe on Madame de Maintenon, said of her once: "After all, she had one great merit—she kept Louis XIV. from becoming Louis XV." Saint-Simon, who felt a bitter hatred for her, writes in his Memoirs:

"Saturday evening, April 15, the celebrated and fatal Madame de Maintenon died at Saint-Cyr. What a noise this event would have made in Europe if it had happened some years ago! It was, perhaps, hardly known in Versailles, which is so near Saint-Cyr; in Paris, people scarcely speak of it. . . . She retired to Saint-Cyr at the moment of the king's death, and had the good sense to report herself dead to the world and never to set foot out of the

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limits of this house. She would see nobody coming from the outside, with the exception of a very small number of people of whom I am going to speak, without asking anything, recommending anybody, or mixing herself with anything that might involve the pronouncing of her name."

Among the few people alluded to by Saint-Simon was her niece, the Countess de Caylus, with whom she corresponded regularly. This correspondence, which has almost the proportions of a diary, was partly and sometimes inexactly published by La Beaumelle. Madame de Maintenon's letters were lately in the hands of Count d'Haussonville; those of Madame de Caylus are in the archives of Mouchy, and their owner, the Duke de Mouchy, has allowed M. d'Haussonville to use them for a study of the last years of Madame de Maintenon.

Marthe-Marguerite le Valois de Villette de Mursay was born on the 17th of April, 1671, in the château of Mursay, which had belonged to Agrippa d'Aubigné. Her father, the Marquis de Villette, was the grandson of Agrippa d'Aubigné. He was a *chef d'escadre* in the French navy. "A Huguenot, like his grandfather, he was hard to convert at a time when all the Protestant nobility were eager to abandon the Reformation; and when he resolved to embrace the Catholic religion, it seems to have been with entire sincerity and without any ulterior motive, for he drily told the King, who complimented him, that it was the only occasion in his life when he had not had for his object to please his majesty." During an absence at sea of M. de Villette, the young Marthe-Marguerite was taken to Germain, with two cousins, who were Huguenots, as she herself was at the time. In her 'Souvenirs' Madame de Caylus says that they all three offered to the persons who wished to convert them a resistance "infinitely glorious to Calvinism." She adds, however: "I wept much at first, but the next day I found the King's mass so beautiful that I consented to become a Catholic on condition that I should hear it every day, and that I should be guaranteed against whipping. This was the only controversy employed and the only abjuration which I made."

Madame de Maintenon has been very justly blamed with this kidnapping of a child nine years old, and this conversion made without the consent of the child's parents. The child was educated from this time under the eyes of Madame de Maintenon, who chose a husband for her as soon as she came of age. The choice was not very happy. Madame de Caylus says nothing herself of her husband, the Count de Caylus, who belonged to the family of the Caylus who was a playfellow of Henri III. and was killed in a duel. Saint-Simon simply says that he was "blasé, and stupefied with wine and brandy." He was always in debt, and after a time Madame de Maintenon had him sent to his regiment. Madame de Caylus lived at court, under the guardianship of Madame de Montchevreuil, of whom Madame de Caylus says in her 'Souvenirs': "She was a person of merit if merit consists in having no *galanteries;* cold and dry, of a sad physiognomy, a mind less than mediocre, and a zeal capable of disgusting the most pious with piety."

Saint-Simon spoke in these terms of Madame de Caylus: "There never was a more intelligent, touching, speaking face, such freshness, so much grace and wit and gaiety, such a seductive creature. She had much success at court, and had the imprudence to become too intimate with the Duchess de Bourbon, a daughter of Madame de Montespan." Madame de Maintenon did not approve of this intimacy, and Madame de Caylus had to leave the court for a little while. M. d'Haussonville will have it that there was another and a more serious cause, which is not alluded to in the 'Souvenirs.' Madame de Caylus had a liaison with M. de Villeroy.

"History," he says, "has been hard upon Villeroy, seeing in him the type of the courtier who uses his favor to climb to the highest offices, and who shows himself incapable of fulfilling them. . . . But when we look a little nearer we can understand how he could have filled so long such a place in the life of a woman like Madame de Caylus, though he was twenty-seven years her senior. In his youth he was called 'le Charmant,' and some women, even if they are of a very noble nature and very distinguished mind, are not insensible to this kind of seduction. Madame de Lafayette, who knew well her own sex, in order to explain the sentiment which draws the Princess of Clèves towards the Duke of Nemours, repeats several times that this Prince was 'admirably well built'; and Madame de Sévigné, always ironical, laughs several times at the impression which the fine legs of the hero produce on the chaste heroine."

Villeroy was not only handsome: he was personally very brave; and Saint-Simon says of him that he was "just the man to preside at a ball, to be the judge at a tournament, and, if he had had a good voice, to sing at the opera the parts of kings and heroes; very well fitted to set the fashion, and nothing more." Madame de Caylus fell under the charm. After she left the court she lived in Paris, in a hôtel in the Rue de Vaugirard, where she led an elegant and free life, gave suppers, and had a salon. Racine was sometimes among her guests; he had not forgotten that when she was at Saint-Cyr she played a part in "Esther." La Fare, the poet, was one of her intimate circle, and wrote verses for her, a few of which are still remembered:

"M'abandonnant à la tristesse,
Sans espérance, sans désirs,
Je regrettais les sensibles plaisirs
Dont la douceur enchanta ma jeunesse.

. . . . . .

Alors j'aperçus dans les airs
L'enfant maître de l'univers,
Qui, plein d'une joie inhumaine,
Me dit en souriant: Tircis, ne te plains plus.
Je vais mettre fin à ta peine:
Je te promets un regard de Caylus."

The great ladies of the time always chose a spiritual director, one of those priests who were the confidants, not only of their faults, but of their troubles of mind, of their doubts, if they had any. Such was their influence that the grave and austere Nicole said: "There is a spiritual as well as a sensual *galanterie*." The spiritual friend and director of Madame de Caylus was Father de la Tour. He was of a good family, and spent his youth at the court of the Grande Mademoiselle, at Eu or at the Luxembourg. He became an Oratorian. He acquired a great influence over Madame de Caylus, who by degrees changed her life, renounced the society of Villeroy, of La Fare, and of her gay friends.

Her conversion did not quite reconcile her to her aunt. Madame de Maintenon wrote to the Cardinal de Noailles: "I should have been pleased if I had seen her simple, valuing piety everywhere, reading all that is good, without pretension, and seeking the greatest simplicity as befits our sex; but there is no more simplicity amid all our novelties. Women trail pride with them; they want books made for them, fine translations. I don't know why the spiritual directors of these women do not keep them more humble." This last was in allusion to the Jansenists, for Father La Tour, though he was a superior of the Oratorians, was suspected of Jansenism. Dangeau writes in his Journal of January 7, 1705: "The King has given a pension of four thousand francs to Madame de Caylus. She already had a pension of six thousand. It has been desired that she should cease to be under the direction of Father de la Tour, and she has taken a director who does not belong to the Oratory."

The letters of Madame de Maintenon to her niece are well worth reading. She suspected the latter of not being seriously changed:

"You have never been devout but for politic reasons; you think only of marrying again [M. de Caylus died at Brussels in 1704]. . . . . Live in peace, my dear niece; don't become worldly again. Choose a certain number of friends to make your particular society. See few men and only honest men. Live in the old fashion. Have always a woman working in your room when you are with a man. Mistrust the most virtuous of them; mistrust yourself. Believe one who has had experience and who loves you. You are still young and handsome. In God's name, don't commit yourself, and don't commit others. Don't be obstinate in anything. Follow the common rule. Be simple, and forgive my affection this little instruction."

Think of this "instruction" coming from a person who was almost the Queen of France, who had the court of Versailles under her sway, Louis XIV., the princes and princesses of the blood at her feet! It is clear that, with these sentiments, Madame de Maintenon did not find it difficult to change her life after the death of Louis XIV., and to retire to Saint-Cyr. From her retreat she continued to write constantly to her niece. Madame de Caylus survived her aunt by ten years; she died a few months after Villeroy, on April 15, 1729. The *Mercure* mentions her death in two lines: "In this month died the Countess of Caylus, an infinitely distinguished person. Her death occasions regrets." And this is all. But, in truth, Madame de Caylus would not have been remembered if she had not been the niece of Madame de Maintenon.

Correspondence.

THE ECCENTRIC CAPTAIN M'NIELL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In a review of the life of the famous Sir John Colborne, Field-Marshal Lord Seaton, in the *Nation* of May 19, 1904, your reviewer recites that, while in Italy, Colborne met an American sea captain—name not given, but described as the ugliest man he ever saw—who gave a ball at Naples and borrowed a beautiful band, and, after the ball was over, sailed away, and took the band off to America as a present to the President, for which he was dismissed the service; adding, "But what, we wonder, became of the band?"

By referring to Cooper's 'History of the Navy of the United States' (vol. i., p. 355, 1st ed., p. 324, 2d ed.) it appears that this

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officer was Capt. Daniel McNiell of the frigate *Boston* 28. When, in 1801, President Jefferson appointed Robert R. Livingston minister to France, Capt. McNiell was ordered to carry the new envoy to a French port. After encountering a heavy gale in the Bay of Biscay, in which he discovered perfect seamanship and the utmost coolness under circumstances particularly trying, Capt. McNiell landed his passengers and proceeded to the Mediterranean. In a note Cooper adds:

"The eccentricities of Capt. McNiell have become traditional in the service. While at Sicily during this cruise a band belonging to one of the regiments quartered at Messina was sent on board the ship, and he brought the musicians to America, it is said, without their consent. A portion of these men were on their way back in the *Chesapeake* in 1807, when that ship was attacked by the *Leopard*. On another occasion, he is said to have sailed from Toulon, leaving three of his own officers on shore and carrying off three French officers, who had been dining on board, with a view to keep up his complement! The latter were carried across to the African coast and put in a fishing vessel, but many months elapsed before all his own officers could rejoin their ship. Capt. McNiell subsequently commanded a revenue cutter, and performed a gallant thing in the war of 1812. He is said to have been the son of the Capt. McNiell who commanded the *Boston* 24 in the war of the Revolution, though we possess no other evidence of this fact than common report. Neither his seamanship nor his gallantry was ever questioned."

Capt. McNiell was not dismissed the service. When the *Boston* returned home after this cruise, he quitted the service under the Reduction law of 1801, which required the sale of all ships of the navy except thirteen frigates, and dropped all the captains but nine. Among other captains who left the service under this reduction were the elder Decatur, father of Commodore Stephen Decatur, and Christopher R. Perry, father of Commodore O. H. Perry. The first lieutenant of the *Boston* on this last cruise of Capt. McNiell was the lamented Richard Somers, who perished in the explosion of the *Intrepid*, the "Infernal," or floating mine, which Commodore Preble sent into the harbor of Tripoli on the night of September 4, 1804.

FRANKLIN L. CHASE.

CHICAGO, June 23, 1904.

TELLING THE TIME IN ITALY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There are some who oppose all reforms in our ways of doing things on account of the trouble involved in making the change. They are unwilling to make any present sacrifice for a future good. For this reason many improvements in our methods of measuring and recording time have been delayed or defeated. Consider the system known as standard time, according to which places take their time from that of the nearest of certain meridians, namely, that of Greenwich, and those of 15°, 30°, 45°, and so forth, of east and west longitude. The result is that all times differ by whole hours. The advantages are untold, as all know who travel. Yet France still clings to Paris time, and a temporary inconvenience stands (with "patriotic" considerations) in the way of a lasting benefit. Again, the Julian calendar still survives in the countries where the Greek Church is dominant. Though the confusion attending the change to the Gregorian calendar would undoubtedly be great, the gain in having one calendar for all Christian nations would be incalculable. Yet the reform has been delayed for centuries.

Here in Italy there is in use a reformed manner of telling the hours of the day, which must be destined in time to prevail everywhere over the traditional manner. The hours are reckoned consecutively throughout the civil day, beginning with midnight. Noon is twelve o'clock; then follow thirteen o'clock, fourteen o'clock, and so on, up to twenty-four o'clock, or midnight. Each day has its own system of hours, and this is carried to the logical conclusion that after midnight the times are reckoned, not as 24.01, etc., but as 0.01, 0.02, . . . 0.59, because these belong to the new day, not to the old. Thus, all the difficulties of A. M. and P. M. time vanish. The Italian railway time-tables are absolutely unambiguous; no typographical device, such as the use of black-faced type, is necessary to reinforce the letters A. M. and P. M. Yet, I suppose, in spite of the care taken to distinguish morning and afternoon hours in our time-tables, we have all at some time or other made this blunder of confusing them. In Italian time-tables black-faced figures are used for the important fast trains.

As regards the serviceability of this system, I can testify that it took very little time to become used to it, even without the help of the Italian clock-face. This has Arabic figures for the hours after twelve o'clock inserted within the circle of Roman numerals to which we are accustomed. That is to say, under I you have 13; under II, 14; and so on, with 24 under XII. For the first twelve hours you use one set of figures; for the second, the other. But it is also easy to begin by associating 15, 18, 21, with 3, 6, 9 P. M. At first there was a tendency to think of 17 o'clock, for instance, as equivalent to 7 instead of 5 P. M., as if the decimal system had been introduced into our reckoning of hours. But this soon disappeared.

It is now a number of months that I have travelled by the Italian time-tables, and there is no doubt in my mind that the system is both far superior to the usual one, and by no means hard to become used to. It must be confessed that clocks apparently still strike the old hours between noon and midnight, and this is natural: twelve strokes are quite enough to count conveniently. But if some system of grouping the strokes could be introduced, it is conceivable that even 24 o'clock might be struck with clearness. On shipboard use is made of this principle of grouping for striking "bells." I am informed that the new system has been in use not more than four or five years, and very naturally both systems are in concurrent use in ordinary affairs. Why cannot the railroads of the United States inaugurate this logical and convenient manner of time-keeping in America, where we pride ourselves on adopting good things as we see them?

C. W. L. J.

SALSOMAGGIORE, June 7, 1904.

Notes.

The probable title of Prof. Willard Fiske's new work, for which the index to volume one is being prepared, will be 'Chess in Iceland and in Icelandic Literature, with Historical Notes on Other Table-Games.' The second volume will consist two-thirds of appendices, with a few notes, and will close with a bibliography.

Through L. C. Page & Co., Boston, Francis Miltoun will add to his 'Cathedrals of Northern France' a companion volume on the 'Cathedrals of Southern France,' with copious illustrations by Miss McManus.

The Oxford University Press will republish Tocqueville's 'L'Ancien Régime,' edited by G. W. Headlam, and with a text freed from the misprints common in the French editions. Mr. Frowde is about to bring out a catalogue of the loan collection of English historical personages who died prior to 1625, exhibited in the Examination Schools at Oxford under the auspices of a committee of the Oxford Historical Society. It will contain photogravure reproductions of the more striking portraits; and as "other exhibitions on the same lines are to be held later, at which more modern pictures will be on view," the new catalogue is likely to be first of a highly valuable series.

A decade has elapsed since the first publication of Havelock Ellis's 'Man and Woman,' a comparative study of sexual differences, which, though calculated for the general reader, had a strictly scientific basis, and has prompted further experiments and observations, creating the meat it fed on. So great, indeed, has been the accumulation of material that a fourth edition is now issued (Scribners), larger by fifty pages, besides a close-packed appendix of twenty more, effectively and temperately meeting Prof. Karl Pearson's criticism of Mr. Ellis's conclusions as to variability in man and woman respectively. In the retouching of his work, Mr. Ellis has had most to change in the chapter on the senses, where his original conclusions seemed sometimes paradoxical and have not always been sustained; but even here the much wider research needful to arrive at absolute certainty may swing the pendulum back again. His final summing-up is substantially undisturbed. We are glad to notice mention of many translations into foreign languages. This stimulating, informing, and liberalizing work deserves to be read by every thinking person.

There is something admirable in the steady output of the great Western serial enterprises like the 'Jesuit Relations,' the 'Philippine Islands,' etc. Already we have volumes two and three of Mr. Reuben G. Thwaites's reprints, "Early Western Travels (1748-1846)" (Cleveland: The Arthur H. Clark Co.). The first of these is wholly filled by John Long's 'Voyages and Travels,' 1768-1782, published in London in 1791, a work popular in its time, and translated into Continental languages, though he was but a poor geographer. Of greatest value may be thought his Indian vocabularies, the Chippewa in the lead, partly derived from Jonathan Edwards, and partly in turn used by John Pickering in reprinting Edwards. Long's record of customs, especially among the savages with whom he hunted for furs and traded, possesses genuine worth. Volume three is composite, beginning with a special and the first English version of André Michaux's Journals, or so much of them as fall within the scope of Mr. Thwaites's series. They bear date of 1793-

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1796, and are less readable than important. His son François's 'Travels' west of the Alleghanies is copied from an English translation a hundred years old, his date being 1802. Finally, a classmate of John Quincy Adams, the Rev. Thaddeus Mason Harris, is drawn upon for his journey northwest of the same range in 1803. At Pittsburgh he came upon the flow of Seneca Indian oil, which he recognized as petroleum, and whose only use then was medicinal. A portrait of the younger Michaux serves as frontispiece, and facsimiles and maps adorn both these handsomely printed volumes. Mr. Thwaites's introductions and notes are respectively of great utility to the reader.

The "Narratives of Captivities" in progress with Burrows Bros. Co., Cleveland, is continued with 'The Dangers and Sufferings of Robert Eastburn,' reprinted from the edition of 1758, with introduction and notes by John R. Spears. Eastburn was "captivated" near Rome, N. Y., taken to Canada, and adopted by the Indians. He was of English birth and Quaker descent, but Whitefield captivated him for the Presbyterian faith. He was made prisoner at forty-six, and gun in hand, deacon though he was. He praises his French captors for acknowledging their victories with thanks to God on their knees, an example "worthy of imitation" and "which may make prophane pretended Protestants blush." These never acknowledge a God or a Providence in their military undertakings; "is it any Wonder that the Attempts of such are blasted with Disappointment and Disgrace!" So we remember to have heard a colored preacher enforce the power of prayer (to a colored regiment) by citing the successes of Stonewall Jackson. Eastburn's hardships were severe, but his constitution was equal to them.

'Under Croagh Patrick' (London: John Long) is a series of charming sketches of life in the west of Ireland by Mrs. William O'Brien. She has published the same in French under the title of 'Silhouettes Irlandaises' (Paris: Guillaume & Cie). There is little indeed in the first named to lead us to suppose English is not the author's native tongue. The manner of life of herself and husband on Clew Bay is simply told— their farming and gardening, all about their neighbors and their pets. The poor people around them are regarded with kindly eyes, their faults extenuated, and their virtues made the most of. Sketches of character and homely anecdotes abound. It is some time since we have met with a book relating to Ireland written in such an altogether cheerful and hopeful spirit; and surely no change can be greater than that from the storm and stress which for twenty years kept Mr. O'Brien so prominently before the world to the idyllic life here described as now led on the wild coast of the Atlantic. Have the quieting influences of this life and these surroundings had anything to do with leading Mr. O'Brien, apart from most of his old associates of the Land War, to take such a roseate view of the act of last year as a satisfactory settlement of the Irish land question?

If the term "fascinating" can be applied to any British "Blue Book," it may so be to a foolscap folio volume of 582 pages lately published—General Report of the Census of India, 1901. (The census proper appears to run to over fifty volumes.) One need go no farther for arithmetical information as to that vast dependency of the British crown. The essays (volumes, if published separately) upon education, occupation, language, religion, marriage, and caste, are especially valuable. The book is one that should be in the possession of every person specially interested in the East. During the decade 1891-1901 the population increased from 287 to 294 millions—a ratio of but 1.5 per cent., as compared to the increase, 10.9 per cent., from 1881 to 1891. This difference, some 25 millions, is to be accounted for only by the famines and pestilences that have lately supervened. No wonder that many friends of India feel there is small cause for complacency as to the actual condition of the country under its present rule. More than 180 different languages are spoken. Two hundred and ten millions of the population are engaged in agriculture, earthwork, or general labor. There are nine principal religions; the Hindus numbering 207 millions, and split up into eighty main castes. The degree to which the members of these castes can or cannot eat, associate, even touch, or receive a drink of water from each other, is one of the most curious chapters in the book, and fully explains how India fell an easy prey to wave after wave of conquest.

Regular commissions in the Indian Army have recently been granted for the first time to natives. This marks a significant advance in both Indian education and administration. The "chiefs' colleges," of which the first was founded thirty years ago by Lord Mayo, have been practical failures, mainly because they led to nothing. The one career which the Indian aristocrat regards as most worthy his station, that of arms, was closed to him. Now the graduates of these colleges can enter the Imperial Cadet Corps and receive instruction and training similar to that given at Sandhurst and West Point, and, if they pass the required examination, will receive regular commissions. The success of seven young sons of chiefs in obtaining commissions will doubtless give a stimulus to these colleges and tend to place the education of the Indian aristocracy on a sound and popular basis. In helping to satisfy, also, the aspirations of the highest and most influential class in the country for an important share in the administration, the new policy is solving one of the most difficult problems which have confronted Lord Curzon and his predecessors.

Probably few American students of the history of religions would prefer to read Chantepie de Saussaye's 'Lehrbuch' in a French translation. But those shortsighted ones to whom German is still hard, may now put off a little further the evil day and use the translation made by competent scholars under the direction of MM. Henri Hubert and Isidore Lévy as a manual for the École des Hautes Études (Paris: Armand Colin). The text of the second German edition (of 1897) has been faithfully and lucidly rendered; no attempt has been made to extend it, but some slight modifications, mostly of suppression, have been introduced with the consent of the author. The bibliographies profess to have been brought up to date, but much more could have been done in that way, and what is given is not always accurate. There is an introduction of forty-five pages by M. Hubert.

Mr. John Cotton Dana's annual report for the Newark (N. J.) Public Library is worthy of attention because of its certificate, after three years' occupancy, to the excellent design and structure of the building. The details into which he enters will profit any community about to erect a public library. Mr. Dana announces the "duplicate collection" now wholly self-supporting and a popular feature. Here the charge is a cent a day for new novels.

Dr. Sylvester D. Judd, who has in the Department of Agriculture's Year-book for 1903 a notable chapter on the economic value of the Bobwhite, is author of the Department's Bulletin No. 17 (Division of Biological Survey), entitled 'Birds of a Maryland Farm: A Local Study of Economic Ornithology,' and freely illustrated. The farm in question was studied in constant visits for seven years, with the result of supplying such a knowledge of general local and temporal conditions as would lend the broadest significance to observations. The detail entered into in this most interesting study is suggested by the index, where are grouped Birds eating ants, bees and wasps, blueberries, cherries, elderberries, grasshoppers, etc. (seventeen items in the menu); and by the picture (p. 64) of some common seeds found in crow pellets.

In the *National Geographic Magazine* for June, Col. C. R. Edwards, Chief of the Bureau of Insular Affairs, describes the organization and duties of this branch of the War Department. These may be described, in the words of the act by which it was created just two years ago, as embracing "all matters pertaining to civil government in the island possessions of the United States subject to the jurisdiction of the War Department." Special mention is made of the work of the Bureau in reference to questions of law and the tariff. The existence of land near the North Pole is shown by Mr. R. A. Harris to be indicated by the currents or drifts and tides of the Arctic Ocean. In some notes on Mantchuria, our consul at Niuchwang, H. B. Miller, records the fact that during the winter months "there are not less than 2,000 carts, each carrying two tons, per day coming to the port," many of them competing with the railway in a haul of 400 miles. He believes that, having "the happy combination of a splendid variety and vast quantities of minerals, valuable forests, great agricultural wealth, and an industrious, capable people, whose labor is, perhaps, the best in the world for its cost," Mantchuria will prove in time to be one of the richest sections of Asia. A short account is given of investigations by the Department of Agriculture as to a proposed method of checking the boll weevil by means of a red ant which in Guatemala destroys the weevil, so as to permit the successful growing of cotton.

The British expedition to Lhasa gives a special interest to Mr. Oscar T. Crosby's account, in the *Geographical Journal* for June, of a recent journey in a "corner of Tibet." It is a graphic picture of life on the northern slopes of the Himalayas, and enables one to realize some of the difficulties attending a march from India to the Lama capital. In the discussion of the paper at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, Sir T. Holdich called attention to the fact that four hundred years

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ago a large armed force of Mongols crossed the Karakoram pass, 18,550 feet, and at the close of the eighteenth century a Chinese army, 70,000 strong, marched 1,600 miles in Tibet and conquered Nepal, to put an end to the raids of the Ghurkas on the Tibetans. This he justly characterizes as one of the most remarkable military movements ever made in the world, and to this day the Nepalese send tribute every five years to China in acknowledgment of its supremacy. Prince Kropotkin, with a luminous array of facts, shows that "desiccation on a great scale has been going on in Northern Asia and Europe through the historical period," and discusses its relations to the age when a large part of this region was covered with ice, regarding it as a "necessary outcome of the preceding epoch of glaciation." Among the other contents of the *Journal* are an illustrated account of the lakes of New Zealand, and a lengthy notice of the recently published facsimiles of the Waldseemüller maps. One of these is the first on which the name America appears, and its two insets are the first instances of a division of the world into two hemispheres, each on its own projection.

Accounts of the geology of the Argentine province Buenos Aires and of Kamtchatka take up the larger part of *Petermann's Mitteilungen*, number four. The robbery of nature through man's destruction of his fellow-man is treated by Dr. Friedrich, who closes his study of an important subject by emphasizing the fact that the growth of population should lead to a careful husbanding of all nature's resources. Considerable space is given to the geographical curriculum of the German universities and high schools for this summer term. We note a course of lectures at Munich University on the history, constitution, industrial and social condition of the United States. Two courses are to be given in Berlin on the discovery, conquest, and religion of Mexico.

The Cologne *Gazette* reports a new decree of the Prussian Government, according to which women who have taken the regular gymnasium course and the university examination are to be allowed the *examen pro facultate docendi*—that is, the examination admitting the successful candidate to the teaching corps of the gymnasium, realgymnasium, or any school of this grade. This for the first time in Germany opens the door of secondary schools to women teachers.

The anti-foreign spirit that has been developing for several years in German universities and polytechnic institutes has found a peculiar expression in a new arrangement made by the authorities of the School of Technology in Darmstadt. The Senate has announced that, during the first three weeks of the term, only Germans will be accorded places in the lecture rooms and the work rooms, and that foreigners can, as students or *hospitants*, gain admittance only in case there are still vacancies after this period. It is announced that this policy meets the long-cherished wishes of the German students, who declare that they were crowded out by the foreign contingent, and that the insufficient preparation of the latter impeded the progress of the better equipped Germans. The University of Freiburg i. B. has just served notice that in future it will under no circumstances admit graduates of the women colleges of Russia.

The philosophical faculty of the University of Berlin has decided to discontinue the "doctor disputation" altogether, and, by the abrogation of this ceremony, has put an end to a venerable academic custom inherited from the Middle Ages. In former times such disputations were a part of the regular programme in the doctor promotions of all the faculties, and the new graduate was compelled to defend his theses in Latin against any opponent who might put in his appearance. In more recent times the Latin had been abolished, and the disputation consisted in a debate prearranged with some friendly critic and was little more than a formality. In the Prussian universities the disputation was obligatory only for those who expected to enter upon an academic career.

"There is," writes a correspondent from the peninsula, "not much excitement nor very great interest in Italy regarding the Petrarch centenary (the sixth); partly, I think, because people are tired of such festivities. Arezzo is doing what she can to arrange a little show. A small prize has been offered anonymously for an essay on Petrarch and Tuscany, sketching the various relations of all kinds which unite mother-country and son. Best of all, Rajna and others, aided by a Government appropriation, are preparing an edition of the poet's Latin writings, so long a desideratum, as the last one dates from the middle of the sixteenth century."

We read in *Minerva* that the Bros. Bocca have just published an Italian version of Emerson's 'Representative Men.' This is the first time that the work has been thus honored. Indeed, since 1867, the only Italian translation from him has been a collection of extracts on character and the conduct of life, in 1888, 1889; a neglect but slightly less than that which has befallen Lowell in Italy.

The mutual study of Japanese and English is being prosecuted in Japan with a seriousness worthy of all regard. The *Student* (published at No. 16 Gobancho Kojimachi-ku Tokio), a well-printed and illustrated semi-monthly magazine of 32 pages of the ordinary size, has reached its twenty-first number. Its editors are Dr. Inazo Nitobé, Alice M. Bacon, Anna C. Hartshorne, Umé Tsuda, and H. Sakurai. The issue, combining numbers 20 and 21, is a "Commodore Perry number." It has portraits of the naval diplomatist as he was in reality, and also in the conception of the Japanese of 1853. In both of these representations the nose is the most terrific feature. In another, "the envoy of the American king" is unmistakably of "Dago" origin, with a cross stuck in his hat. Count Okuma, the leader of the Progressive party, contributes a notable article of six pages entitled "Japan and the Anglo-Saxon Race." He pays a high tribute to Sir Harry Parkes and especially to Townsend Harris, and gives his reasons why Japan attaches herself to "the race which values the people's rights above all things." In his view the Japanese Empire is a sort of patriarchy, and the emperors of all generations in Japan have done their utmost to protect the people. Japanese civilization has centred around the Imperial House. Fine arts, morality, and literature have all developed around it, or come out of it; and while the people of Japan have never tried to lessen the imperial power, the Emperor has ever been anxious to advance the people's rights. Thus the soil of Japan was already prepared for receiving the civilization of the Anglo-Saxon nations. Other contributors are Profs. E. W. Clement and Uchimura, and Mr. Tsuzuki, chief secretary of the Privy Council. There are also corrected papers with notes and explanations. A magazine so rich in interchangeable idioms, provided it can be kept up with such fulness and ability, cannot fail to make more students of Japanese and native learners of English.

From Palestine comes the report of the discovery by the German explorers at Mutesellim, presumably the ancient Megiddo, of a fine jasper seal, having as device a lion marching, with the inscription, above and below, in very old Phœnician characters, "of Shema', the servant of Jeroboam." Presumably it was the seal of the governor of that city under King Jeroboam; but which Jeroboam it is not possible to determine. This seal possesses a peculiar value because it is the first object found in the excavations conducted in Palestine bearing a well-known Biblical name. The fact of the existence of such a seal of the time of Jeroboam is something like a guarantee that further inscribed material of the Israelite period will turn up. This seal was found by Dr. Schumacher in March. On the 20th of May Mr. Macalister, excavating for the English Palestine Exploration Fund at Gezer, on the road from Jaffa to Jerusalem, reported the discovery of a fragment of a tablet written in cuneiform characters, thirteen lines on one side, five on the other, with seal impressions between. This is the sixth tablet inscribed in cuneiform characters from the pre-Israelite period, approximately 1400 B. C., discovered to this date in Palestine. The first was found by Dr. Bliss at Lachish, and four (three of clay, and one of stone) by Dr. Sellim at Ta'anach, four miles east of Mutesellim.

—The July *Century* is specifically a fiction number. Margaret Deland contributes the most interesting of the short stories—not a new phase of Dr. Lavender this time, but a problem of the ethics of authorship. The hero, under the burden of prolonged ill-health and financial difficulties, brings the story to its crisis by burning a manuscript for which he has just received an offer of $7,000, rather than to run the risk of being persuaded by the entreaties and reproaches of his wife to publish inferior work, contrary to the promptings of his own conscience. In former days such a man would have received his reward before the curtain fell, but Mrs. Deland is content to help him over the edge of the frying-pan with no apparent concern as to the inevitable fire below. Miriam Michelson's second story of the Nevada Madigans is hardly up to "Cecilia the Pharisee," of the June number, but she has a mine which is capable of putting out a fair quantity of high-grade ore before it is exhausted. Among the contributions of serious interest, Andrew D. White's recollections of his service as an attaché of our minister to Russia during the Crimean War easily takes the lead. Mr. White rather regrets that the system of attachés has been dropped from our diplomatic service. Certainly its possibilities for usefulness must be rated high when one recalls that

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Andrew D. White and Daniel C. Gilman simultaneously entered the service in this capacity with Minister Seymour. To Russia's slowness in catching the modern spirit, especially as illustrated in her failure to discard inferior weapons for more recent inventions, her lack of success in the Crimean struggle is largely attributed. In connection with this opinion, and in view of current events in the Far East, it is interesting to read in the same number an article by Baron Kentaro Kaneko on the Magna Charta of Japan, bringing out in a striking way the eagerness of the Japanese to adapt themselves to present-day conditions. Still another contribution to the same field of interest is a paper on Mantchuria by Consul James W. Davidson. Sylvester Baxter gives a well-illustrated description of the changes which have been authorized in the grounds and buildings of the Military Academy at West Point.

—Central Asia, if not the original home of the Indo-European and Mongolian races, was certainly one of their important resting-places, and, so far as present information goes, the home also of some of our most important domestic animals. During the Christian era, and as late as the fourteenth century, Turkestan, with its great and wealthy cities like Merv and Samarkand, played an important part in history. Numerous ruin mounds, scattered all over the surface of the country, attest its importance in the more remote past. With a grant from the Carnegie Institution of Washington, Prof. Raphael Pumpelly has commenced the excavation of some of those mounds in Russian Turkestan, just over the northeastern frontier of Persia. In a preliminary letter distributed by the Institution he gives some account of the excavation of a ruined city, Anau, surrounded by a moat and wall and occupied until within the last century, and of two great tumuli, each about a mile from Anau in the immediate neighborhood of Ashkabad (or Ashabad). A partial examination of these three sites—consisting "in terracing above the plain and in large open pits and shafts below that level" down to the original plain level, which is more than twenty feet below the present level of the plain—shows that these three sites were occupied not contemporaneously but consecutively. The result is that Professor Pumpelly seems to have been able to explore 174 consecutive feet of culture strata—a depth far exceeding that which has been found at any one point in Egypt or Babylonia. The first tumulus represents in the lower two-thirds the stone age. In the upper third the inhabitants were beginning to use copper. The second tumulus, in its lower two-thirds, represents the copper age; in its upper third, iron. The pottery of the first tumulus is entirely hand-made. In the second tumulus we begin to meet with wheel-made pottery. The ruins of the city of Anau lie entirely within the iron age, and from the outset glass and enamelled pottery occur. Apparently, the foundation of this last city was contemporary with the commencement of irrigation in that section. Professor Pumpelly is very careful to make no effort to give dates, but from what he has reported so far concerning objects found, it would seem probable that the second tumulus began to be inhabited some time a little after 3000 B. C.; and the city of Anau a little before the commencement of the Christian era. The first tumulus, with its accumulation of 60 feet of débris, represents, roughly, the period antedating 3000 B. C. No written remains have been discovered in this tentative examination. Professor Pumpelly reports the discovery of vast quantities of fragments of pottery, hundreds of pounds of bones and the like, which have been sent to specialists for investigation.

—The opening of the new Library building at Somerville College on June 11 brought Mr. John Morley to Oxford for the opening address. After listening to him, the young ladies of the college entertained a large company of friends, among whom were the leading graduate members of the University. Using the poem "Demeter, a Masque," especially written for performance on this occasion by Mr. Robert Bridges, and music composed for the first two of Mr. Bridges's three songs by Mr. W. H. Hadow, and for the third song an air adapted from one of Schubert's piano compositions, these gracefully costumed amateurs afforded to the guests of the college an interesting and unique experience. The pillars and open entrance hall of the new Library were their stage-building, and the lawn in front of it was their stage as well as their audience room, bounded on various sides by leafy avenues of trees. "Hades," writes a correspondent, "prologized ominously until the chorus of Oceanides brightened the scene by their joyous entrance. Persephone, Athena, and Artemis were soon there, gathering the flowers of spring in the Sicilian vale of Enna. Left for a moment alone, Persephone was dragged away screaming by Hades, her captor. Upon this the chorus, with graceful movements of lassitude and despair, recounted in monotone to a lovely musical accompaniment their vain search, closing with

> " 'Now, since she is gone,
> All our dance is slow.
> All our joy is done
> And our song is woe.'

Demeter then entered, full of reproaches for the Oceanides. These finally merged into a calmer descriptive passage about her own fruitless search and the sad truth revealed by Helios. Next came a wonderfully worded and strikingly recited transition to wrath against Zeus, her undoer. The sympathetic voice lent to Demeter's part by the young lady who so well sustained it, made of this scene a memorable poetical experience, which culminated at last in the fine dialogue between the injured Queen and the Messenger of Zeus, dispatched to summon her to Olympus. Defiance outfaced expostulations and persuasions, and Demeter at last stood alone in the majesty of grief and indignation. Followed the first song, a dirge for the lost Persephone, uttered to the accompaniment of solemn movements and groupings pertaining to woe. The next and last scene, that of the restoration, was again dominated by Demeter, whose gradual reconcilement, under the persuasions of her daughter's love, was poetically distilled into the minds of all beholders by gestures and motions as well as by rhythmical speech." It is to be hoped that Mr. Robert Bridges may not long delay the publication of this Masque.

—The 'Transactions of the Royal Historical Society' for 1903, New Series, Vol. XVII. (London, published by the Society), contain a presidential address by Dr. G. W. Prothero and six essays on subjects mainly mediæval. Mr. Prothero's address takes the form of a proposal for a bibliography of English history since the end of the Middle Ages. The publication of Professor Gross's 'Sources and Literature of English History' has caused a good deal of generous shame to burn in the hearts of those who neglected to anticipate it, and we imagine that this fine work will prompt some scholar or band of scholars in England to take up the bibliographical thread at 1485, where Dr. Gross dropped it. Mr. Prothero, scandalized at the lack of such a manual, is led to make some candid observations regarding the defects of English character. His main point is that the English "are *not* practical in the higher and more positive sense of the word." After giving due credit to the national virtues, he proceeds: "But of the higher practicality, which consists in forethought, preparation, system, the qualities which make for national efficiency, [the Englishman] has, I fear, but a very small share. He takes routine for method, tradition for experience, habits for principles; he calls a man of ideas a star-gazer, and stigmatizes foresight as speculation; and he instinctively shrinks from, if he does not actively detest, education in general, and all knowledge that does not bear directly on the subject that he has in hand." Into the details of Mr. Prothero's bibliographical proposals we shall not enter, stating only that he offers interesting criticisms of the chief bibliographies which exist at the present time, and indicates the principles upon which such a work as he advocates should proceed. We might add that his scheme is a very large one, and would require the coöperation of numerous enthusiasts. The six essays which are also published in this volume maintain a high standard of learning and deserve the attention of professional historians. The subjects and writers are as follows: "The English Premonstratensians," by Dr. F. A. Gasquet; "The Intellectual Influence of English Monasticism," by Miss R. Graham; "Royalist and Cromwellian Armies in Flanders," by Dr. C. H. Firth; "The Development of Industry and Commerce in Wales During the Middle Ages," by Mr. E. A. Lewis; "Italian Bankers and the English Crown," by Mr. R. J. Whitwell; "Bondmen under the Tudors," by Mr. Alexander Savine.

DALHOUSIE'S INDIAN ADMINISTRATION

The Life of the Marquis of Dalhousie, K. T. By Sir William Lee-Warner, K.C.S.I. 2 vols. Macmillan. 1904.

It is now nearly forty years since one of the most accomplished and amiable Englishmen of the nineteenth century, William Johnson Cory, wrote in his diary. "I should like to write a biography of some man of my own time whom I reverence. In particular I should like to write the life of Lord Dalhousie." The task to which the Eton master aspired (and it is a remarkable circumstance, in this connection, that the life of another great Viceroy, Lord Lawrence, is written by a master of Harrow, and that the best history of the Indian Mutiny is by a master of St. Paul's School) was at the time impracticable on account of the

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jealous seclusion of Lord Dalhousie's official papers, which, except in so far as copies might exist in the public archives, have remained hermetically sealed until very recently. It must be concluded that Dalhousie, broken in health, though not in spirit, by eight years of incessant labor in a trying climate, felt himself unequal to the vindication of his administration from the heavy indictment to which the apparent collapse of British power in India had exposed it, and remitted the whole question to a more impartial posterity. He has undoubtedly profited by the skill and thorough knowledge of the advocate upon whom his rehabilitation has devolved—a trained Indian official, acquainted with every detail of government by long Indian employment in a variety of posts, and who continues his services to India since his return to England.

Perhaps the term "rehabilitation" should not be used with reference to the official character of Lord Dalhousie, for the severity of censure with which he was at one time assailed has long ago died away, while at the same time it is in vain to pretend that he occupies the same position in the estimation of his countrymen that he might have held if the Mutiny had never taken place. The disillusion was too rude, the shock too violent, the ensuing reversal of Dalhousie's policy in many respects too conspicuous. "The instability of the British Empire in India," said the *Edinburgh Review* at the height of the crisis, "is an idea so unfamiliar to the vast majority of our countrymen in the present generation, that, if the events of the past year had not given to that expression a significance it never had before, the words would scarcely fall from the lips of an Englishman." "As regards the chances of internal warfare," the *Calcutta Review* had said in a perfect pæan of triumph penned during the latter days of Dalhousie's government, "we may well ask if there is anywhere a native prince who would dare to meet in open field a British force of 10,000 men?" The British people could hardly help feeling that they had got a serpent for a fish; and that, moreover, insult had been added to injury by the representation that the serpent actually was a fish. On the whole, they did not come badly out of as trying an ordeal as the justice and temper of a nation ever were subjected to. Much was said unwisely and ungenerously; but with any other than an Anglo-Saxon people the sayings would have converted themselves into doings of a much more regrettable nature. Generous men like Cory meanwhile were drawn over to Dalhousie's side by a perception of the injustice which he encountered and the magnanimity with which he supported it; and, as the nobler feelings in human nature are more abiding than the baser, it is even possible that sympathy may award him a higher rank among the rulers of India than strict justice can confirm.

The best apology for his errors is the fidelity with which he represented ideas generally accepted at the time—the belief in the natural tendency of events to bring the whole of India under immediate British sway; and the conception of British rule as essentially a missionary and civilizing influence. Dalhousie was the very incarnation of these ideas. There is no ground for charging him with intentional injustice towards the native, unless when he extinguished, or amerced in money or territory. The two most important of his annexations, the Punjab and Oude, were obvious necessities, although the latter was made to wear an aspect of violence which might have been avoided. But the general tenor of his policy left no doubt that, though he would neither play false nor wrongly win, he would miss no opportunity which he thought fair of extending British territory and influence; and the impression was strengthened by the generally Occidental character of his legislation. Indians could not but feel that the tendency of his measures was to Europeanize them; and when at length the careless and stupid blundering of minor officials ignited a little spark of revolt, the flame spread without hindrance from the alienated native rulers and the estranged native middle class.

Yet, in all he had done, Dalhousie had had English public opinion at his back; the nation was *particeps criminis*, and a public outcry against him would have been most discreditable to its sense of fairness. Whatever individuals may have spoken or written, we cannot, however, find any evidence of a national censure of his policy, beyond the practical step of silently dropping it. Since his time the effort has been to convince the native princes that their interests are one with those of the paramount power. While maladministration is more severely checked than under Dalhousie, and the dethronement even of an incompetent prince is no uncommon occurrence, annexation (excepting in the case of a foreign conquest like Burmah) is almost unheard of. The attitude of mind which prevailed throughout the British nation in Dalhousie's period, and of which he was but the instrument, is recognized as fundamentally mistaken. The East is not to be conquered by European ideas, but, if possible, to be permeated by them. The empire is to be made impregnable, not by rigidity, but by elasticity. It is true that these are not the ideas of the average Briton. It is a fact of baleful omen that the three Viceroys who have most fully recognized the native claim to equality—Lord Lytton, Lord Ripon, and Lord Curzon—have been the least popular in Anglo-Indian society. But the principle of partnership, instead of the principle of extrusion, is now too fundamental a maxim of British policy to be easily disturbed.

Dalhousie, then, cannot be reckoned among the first class of statesmen—those who create and impose policies. His vindication (and it is a sufficient apology for the errors of his administration) is that he was not the inspirer but the instrument of the public opinion of his day. The complaint most commonly made against him during his term of office was not that he was too much of an Anglicizer, but that Anglicization did not under him proceed fast enough. He followed where he seemed to lead. He also wanted another indispensable qualification of the first-class statesman — the ability to take comprehensive views and regard the object immediately before him in its relation to the general course of affairs. He was carrying out two great plans, each calculated to offend and estrange Indian public opinion, and the more necessary they were in some measure, the more careful he should have been to conduct them with a minimum of friction. It was quite enough to be compelled to make the two great annexations from which there was no escape, the Punjab and Oude, without increasing ill will by minor appropriations of doubtful justice, like Nagpur, or adding nothing to the strength of the empire, like Satara and Kerowlee. Another class of his measures was even more calculated to offend, and yet was inevitable. He could not without dereliction of duty omit to protect converts and violators of caste rules from outrage and persecution; and the entire course of his legislation in restraint of native intolerance was in the abstract most honorable to him. But he should have considered that in simultaneously attacking national sentiment and religious fanaticism he was burning the candle at both ends. It was also a blot upon his otherwise valuable creation of a Legislative Council that at first native opinion was very inadequately represented upon it. Nor, as his rebuke to Henry Lawrence shows, had he in the least realized the advantage which the empire might derive from the enlistment of hardy races like the Sikhs and Goorkahs.

Dalhousie's claim on the admiration of posterity is not, therefore, so much in the character of a statesman as in that of an administrator. Here he is beyond praise. We have been compelled to confine this notice to general considerations from the sheer impossibility of comprehending his particular achievements within the limits of a review. Military organization, public works, finance, education, legislative and judicial procedure, were all transformed by him. The railway and telegraphic systems of India are mainly his creation. More important still, perhaps, was the example he set of indefatigable activity and swift decision. "He was as rapid," says Cory, "as Henry VIII." Sir William Lee-Warner has done ample justice to him in every respect. It is to be regretted, but was inevitable, that he should have been unable to find room for the great Minute in which Dalhousie reviewed the performances of his administration—a document, as a record of material achievement, almost comparable to the Ancyra inscription of Augustus. But Augustus, though scarcely a man of heroic mould, possessed that insight into his age, and that faculty for inspiring enthusiastic devotion to his person and system, which discriminate the statesman of genius from the eminent ruler of the second class.

SOME MUSICAL WORKS.

Henry J. Wood. By Rosa Newmarch. John Lane.

The Story of the Organ. By C. F. Abdy Williams. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Modern Organ Tuning. By Hermann Smith. Scribners.

Harmony; Its Theory and Practice. By Ebenezer Prout. London: Augener & Co.; New York: Edward Schuberth & Co.

Of a series that is to include "Living Masters of Music," it must be said that if they all prove as good as the first, Rosa Newmarch's monograph, the lovers of musical literature are to be congratulated. The author had the advantage of being obliged to go to headquarters for her information. She pronounces Mr. Wood "unquestionably the central figure in

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English musical life"; his influence certainly led to a great quickening of that life. For nearly two centuries the "oratorio industry" had absorbed the best as well as the worst of the English musical material. Mr. Wood and Hans Richter smashed this monopoly, and led to a new movement which became so popular that it was referred to as the "orchestral craze." New compositions, and older ones that had been shamefully neglected in London, were brought out by Mr. Wood in abundance. The author gives a list of these novelties which covers seventeen pages and which includes MacDowell's "Indian Suite" as America's share—small, to be sure, but better than nothing. For Mr. Wood, we are told, there is "no such word or thing as drudgery"; he owes much of his success to his "power of kindling interest in his own ideas and hopes." He is one of the most emotional and individual of conductors, and Rosa Newmarch remarks that "the complaints against individual interpretation in music come from those whose emotional gamut is very limited in compass, and whose emotional tone is of the thinnest quality. Such people are as out of place in the concert room as those of low physical vitality are in the football field." This is well put, and the author does not claim too much when she writes that, "in this matter of vitalizing what he renders, I should unhesitatingly place him next to Nikisch among the interpretative subjective conductors." Special chapters treat of Mr. Wood's relation to vocal art, and his missionary work for the Russians. It was thanks to him that Tchaikovsky became as popular in London as Wagner.

Mr. Abdy Williams justly refers to the organ as a "wonderful outcome of human ingenuity and skill," and he attempts, in eight chapters, to trace its development from the mechanically-blown trumpet of Ctesibius in Alexandria to the present day. The latest phases receive less attention than the earlier ones, yet nothing of vital importance seems omitted. Some use is necessarily made of technical terms, but an appendix furnishes explanations for the general reader. There are about forty illustrations, of famous old instruments and transitional forms. Nor are the organists passed over in silence; they are of all grades, from those concerning whom the sixteenth-century composer Hermann Finck wrote that their performance was "just as agreeable as the braying of an ass," to men of genius like Mendelssohn, one of whose chief delights was the trying of instruments in various cities. In Munich he was disappointed because, on a certain organ, he could not play any passage of Bach, as it was wanting in the five uppermost keys. Yet he rejoiced in it because, as he wrote to his sister, "for the melody itself there is a clavier which contains only reed stops, so I draw a soft oboe, a very soft clarion of four feet, and a viola. The choral comes out so quietly and yet so penetratingly that it seems like distant human voices singing from the bottom of the heart."

One of the unpleasant things about organs is their habit of getting out of tune; they share this with the pianoforte, but the damage is much less easy to repair. Some years ago Hermann Smith wrote a book on pianoforte tuning, of which several editions were called for. His aim in this case was to enable a player to tune his own instrument—a desirable accomplishment in regions remote from musical centres. In the case of the organ, on the other hand, he would not, as a rule, encourage players to attempt to set matters right themselves, as the resulting damage might be serious. His hints are, therefore, intended chiefly for builders, who, as he shows us in his 120-page treatise, are confronted by a surprisingly large number of subtle problems.

Harmony is the modern element in music, only a few centuries old. It is a complicated structure, gradually built up by the great masters; and one of the strangest things about it is that every advance made in it was condemned by the critics, and, for a long time, ignored by the theorists. Haydn, when asked according to what rule he had introduced a certain harmony, replied that "the rules were all his very obedient, humble servants"; Beethoven grimly laughed at those who questioned his harmonic practices; and the alleged infractions of the rules have been merrily going on ever since, such composers as Schubert, Wagner, Chopin, Liszt, and Grieg being practically laws unto themselves. Teachers of harmony have not hesitated to say to their pupils: "Bach is wrong," or "Beethoven is wrong," or, at best, "This is a license."

Not so Prof. Ebenezer Prout, whose maxim is that "the principle must surely be wrong which places the rules of an early stage of musical development above the inspirations of genius; . . . and when we find that in our own time Wagner, or Brahms, or Dvorák breaks some rule given in old text-books there is, to say the least, a very strong presumption, not that the composer is wrong, but that the rule needs modifying." It is from this point of view that he has written his treatise on harmony. Many rules now obsolete, and contravened by the daily practice of modern writers, he has omitted altogether, and others he has modified greatly, while the laws affecting the chords of the ninth, eleventh, and thirteenth have been simplified and classified by him. The result is a thoroughly up-to-date treatise, which cannot be commended too highly to pupils and teachers. That it has been found useful already is evidenced by the fact that fifteen editions of it have been called for in twelve years. The present, sixteenth, edition is a great improvement on its predecessors, being practically a new book, greatly enlarged and in part rewritten. One of the new features is that, from the beginning, the harmonizing of simple melodies is taught simultaneously with the harmonizing of figured basses. There is room for disagreement with some of Professor Prout's conclusions, but this merely shows that the theory, like the practice, of harmony is still in a state of evolution.

Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature. New edition by David Patrick, LL.D. Volume III. The Nineteenth Century. London: W. & R. Chambers; Philadelphia: Lippincott. 1904.

This volume, concluding the Cyclopædia, has for its frontispiece a portrait of Sir Walter Scott, and for the subject of its first biography Wordsworth. But Mr. Watts-Dunton contributes a prelude on "The Renascence of Wonder in Poetry," intended to characterize the revolution which affected "the very soul of poetry" everywhere, with the English race in the van and the 'Lyrical Ballads' at the head of the movement for England if not for the world. This prelude is frankly a development of the writer's introduction to his own 'Aylwin', (misprinted "Alywin" on page 2). It deserves to be lingered over and re-read, and is alone worth the price of the volume; not solely for its thesis, but for its general sweep and its incidental judgments. Mr. Watts-Dunton has two other contributions of importance, the article on Byron, and that on George Borrow; the latter being, for peculiar reasons, one of the few sketches in this volume for which one might not better refer to the Dictionary of National Biography. Compare, for instance, Mr. Lehmann's notice of Dickens with Leslie Stephen's.

Carlyle opens, nearly enough, the second half of the volume, and is disposed of, selections and all, in eleven pages; about the same space being given to Thackeray and to Dickens, against some eighteen pages to the Brownings, less than nine to Tennyson, less than seven to George Eliot, almost five to Edward FitzGerald. Mr. William Wallace, who treats of Carlyle, says rightly that, "even as an historian, he was, and could not help being, prophet, preacher, and poet," and this is the single allusion to his poetic quality. But in the case of the 'French Revolution,' Mr. Wallace quite misses the essentially poetic nature of the presentation, which will appear very striking to any one who compares it with Carducci's sonnet vignettes, "Ça Ira." Mr. Wallace is more anxious to observe, with a confidence not beyond question, that Carlyle's "view of that still imperfectly understood social convulsion is now the world's." Since the historian sometimes dropped into actual verse, we should have liked to find among the selections his "Symbolum," for example. Stranger we think it that among the extracts under Charles Darwin nothing has been taken from his Autobiography, though this is most strictly his literary monument. Finally, to have done with the British section, there is a "complementary list" of recent and contemporaneous authors such as our memory can recall to have embraced Tennyson in the first edition of this Cyclopædia which fell into our hands. He was then visibly nothing but a poet of promise, whose career would be watched with interest.

The American section is ushered in by a brief disquisition on American literature from its slender beginnings, by Professor Woodberry, who then exhibits Cotton Mather, Jonathan Edwards, Franklin, John Woolman, and Washington, with one or more extracts; that from the Quaker Woolman not suggesting the peculiar humor which attracted Charles Lamb to his Journal. After Mr. Woodberry, the Rev. John W. Chadwick has been intrusted with the greatest number of significant writers, and Dr. Patrick's choice of a co-laborer could here hardly have been better. The Whitman is an exceptionally sound and just performance. We remark that more than half of the poetic extracts from Longfellow Mr. Chadwick takes from the sonnets, his later products, but none from Lowell's. Emerson was reserved for President Schurman, who rather curtly dismisses his poetic output as hard sledding and relatively unim-

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portant, and cites only his "Rhodora." This is scant measure for the first American poet—or who is the first? In contrast, Mr. Watts-Dunton gets three pages of exemplification; but who that is not confused by the Englishman's supremacy as a critic of verse will expect from him, even with the élite, a memory and a cult like that which the poet Emerson may look forward to? Lincoln, among the prose writers, bears his Gettysburg speech in his hand, and we could have wished it accompanied by the higher eloquence of the second inaugural. In the American complementary list, it would perhaps be difficult to explain the principle of division between this company (not of the living alone) and that of the preceding ten pages of brief mention, so that the apparently more honorable position falls to Stephen Crane, for example, the less honorable to Edward Everett Hale. Neither grouping throws any light on the question, Who is to-day the leading American poet?

On the whole, the Cyclopædia maintains its title to a place in every library of reference, public or private. The portraits fall a little short of numbering 150.

Whittier-Land: A Handbook of North Essex, Containing Many Accounts of and Poems by John Greenleaf Whittier never before Collected. By Samuel T. Pickard, author of 'Life and Letters of John Greenleaf Whittier.' Illustrated with map and engravings. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

Whittier has been fortunate in his principal biographer, at once so candid and so affectionate, and Mr. Pickard's assumption of this minor task, a guide-book to the Whittier region, assures a piece of work at once reverently and carefully done. Whittier has been equally fortunate in the domestic associations of his early life, the homestead situated so pleasantly, the house built by his first American ancestor in 1688, and preserving so much of its original character, though once (1902) "saved as by fire." The Amesbury house, enlarged from the tiny cottage to which Whittier moved in 1836, is so commonplace in appearance as almost to chill the genial current of its personal associations. Whittier does everything for it, the house nothing for Whittier. One secret of some interest it gave up in 1903, when it was undergoing repairs. Hid in the wall was a package of letters, one of them from Lewis Tappan, revealing Joseph Sturge, the English Quaker abolitionist, as the benefactor whose $1,000 enabled Whittier to build a new part of the house much larger than the old. The birthplace and the later home are carefully described, and, without forcing the note, every circumstance available for the illustration of Whittier's life and poetry is economized, and every place and person vividly associated with his person and experience is made to yield some increment of interest to Mr. Pickard's aggregation of instructive and entertaining matter.

The heretofore uncollected matter is not of such value as to import neglect in the official biography; but here and there we have some expansion of that or a rendering notably fresh and different. Garrison's first visit to Whittier, for example, wears a more rueful color here than in the biography. The boy was, it seems, at the moment of Garrison's arrival, engaged in burrowing under the barn for a hen's stolen nest. Unwillingly he gave over the quest and went to change his clothes, but, getting into the wrong pair of trousers, made a more awkward appearance than if he had presented himself for his first honorable recognition "not without dust and heat." But Mr. Pickard's additions to his former presentation will be most highly appreciated where they carry farther the identification of the various personal objects of Whittier's interest and affection, immortalized by him in verse. We are sure now that the little heroine of "In School Days" was a next neighbor's daughter, Lydia Ayer. Unfortunately, the picture of the schoolhouse is drawn from memory. The vision cherished in "My Playmate" and "Memories" is identified with Mary Thomas, who married Judge Weld of Coventry, Ky. Our poet's sense of the phonetic value of proper names was generally so sure that one reads with astonishment that the line,

"The pines were dark on Ramoth Hill,"

was due to James T. Fields's dissatisfaction with Whittier's first form,

"The pines were dark on Menahga Hill."

The most interesting of these sentimental identifications is that of Evelina Bray with the girl described in "The Sea-Dream." Whittier's loveliest poem. She was from Marblehead, and was Whittier's schoolmate at the Haverhill Academy. We have heretofore conceived that it was from her that Whittier got the story of Skipper Ireson's ride, for he avowed its derivation from a Marblehead schoolmate, and no other has been identified. But in her old age the lady denied her responsibility. It would have been poetic justice if she had been permitted to atone for the ballad, to which the Marblehead people are foolishly averse, by the beautiful stanzas in which Whittier confessed his early admiration. Whittier's sensibility was remarkable, but his affections were always straying "out of Society," and he was too loyal to his parents and to the Quaker order to follow the inclinations of his heart. There are pictures of Mary Thomas and Evelina Bray in their autumnal grace, and there is one of Evelina as a rose-crowned girl.

It should be said that the numerous illustrations are excellent, and sincerely appropriate to the text. The chapters "Whittier's Sense of Humor," "Uncollected Poems," add more to the bulk than to the value of the book, any profit accruing from the sale of which, by the way, will be devoted to the preservation and care of the Haverhill birthplace and the Amesbury home.

Excavations at Phylakopi in Melos, Conducted by the British School at Athens. Supplementary Paper No. 4 of the Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies. Pp. 280. Plates 41. London and New York: Macmillan. 1904.

The (British) Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies will celebrate on July 5 of this year the twenty-fifth anniversary of its formation. Like the Archæological Institute of America, it was formed in 1879. It has been fortunate in the permanence of its organization, having had but two presidents, Bishop Lightfoot and Sir Richard Jebb, and one secretary, Mr. George Macmillan. Of the fifteen scholars who published papers in the first volume of the Society's *Journal of Hellenic Studies,* only two have died—Sir Charles Newton and Dr. A. S. Murray, Sir Charles's successor as keeper of the Greek and Roman antiquities in the British Museum, who has just passed away. The Society was founded to advance the study of Greek language, literature, and art, and to illustrate the history of the Greek race in the ancient, Byzantine, and Neo-Hellenic periods, by the publication of memoirs and unedited documents in a journal to be issued periodically. The *Journal of Hellenic Studies,* now issuing its twenty-fourth volume, has occupied this broad field, publishing with impartiality Allen's text-critical discussions of the Homeric Hymns, the Provost of Oriel's work on the Epic Cycle, Sir Richard Jebb's charming papers on Pindar (the truest literary appreciation of that poet in like space), Freeman's views on the Later History of the Greek Language, Professor Bury's on Lombards and Venetians in Euboea, Ramsay's Studies in Asia Minor, Bent's Cyclades, Percy Gardner's Numismatic Commentary to Pausanias, Waldstein on the Frieze of the Parthenon, Penrose on the Ancient Hecatompedon—to name but a few characteristic papers. The annual summaries of the progress of archæology in Greece have been convenient and good—particularly those by Ernest Gardner. It is one of the very best philological and archæological journals.

The Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies bears almost exactly the same relation to the British School of Archæology at Athens as the Archæological Institute bears to the American School of Classical Studies at Athens—the Society founded the School and has supported the latter's explorations and excavations. Of the first three supplementary papers published by the Society, the most important was the report of the excavations at Megalopolis, published in 1892. That was in folio form, but the volume before us, requiring no elaborate architectural plates, has the form of the *Journal.* This is an excellent and prompt publication of the work of excavation conducted in 1896-99, and gives a clear account of the problems met and the results achieved. Phylakopi was the site of the earliest capital of Melos, and Melos was one of the most important members of the Ægean League, of which Crete was at the head. Melian pottery has been found at Cnossus, and the art of the wall paintings of a seated man and of flying fish at Phylakopi bears such a resemblance to that of the frescoes in the palace unearthed by Mr. Evans at Cnossus, that the suggestion is reasonable that a Cretan artist may have been imported for the decoration of the Melian palace. In the volume before us, Mr. Evans has a chapter on Pottery Marks, and notes two double axes, as well as other marks which recur in the Cnossian linear script. But, on the other hand, the great hall of the palace at Phylakopi had its hearth in the middle, like the palace at Tiryns, and has no such light-well at the back as the palace at Cnossus, and may have been built for a family which had come from the Argolid. The island of Melos contains the only abundant supplies of obsidian in the Mediterranean basin, and the obsidian industry must have been the chief source of prosperity of the ancient city on the

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site of Phylakopi. An interesting chapter of this volume is devoted to the obsidian manufacture and trade, with comparisons of Aztec uses. The obsidian knives and arrowheads found at Mycenæ are supposed to have been brought from Melos, and the same conjecture of source is made even for the obsidian objects found among prehistoric and early-dynastic remains in Egypt. At Phylakopi are vast masses of obsidian fragments and half-used cores from which knives had been obtained. The material was so abundant that waste was disregarded. Near the quarries are large quantities of fragments which had been removed in order to fit the obsidian mass for export. Naturally, when bronze arrowheads and knives came into use the obsidian industry waned, and no ancient remains have been found at Phylakopi of a date later than the Mycenæan age, or, in round numbers, 1000 B. C.

The importance of these excavations lies in the fact that they furnish the missing link between the cist-tomb period and that of Mycenæ. This is the only site yet discovered that "exhibits the Cycladic civilization in all the outstanding phases of its development from the earliest beginnings to the age of decline." When the British explorers went to Melos in 1896 they were not without hopes of finding some work of classical sculpture, though it might not be so beautiful as the "Venus" of Melos now in the Louvre, or the Poseidon which is now in the national museum at Athens; but tentative excavations were forbidden by the Greek Government, and the explorers were confined to the examination of land which they purchased as containing manifest indications of ancient walls.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Altgeld, John P. The Cost of Something for Nothing. Chicago: The Hammemark Pub. Co.
Churchill, Winston. The Crisis. Popular edition. The Macmillan Co. 25 cents.
Davidson, A. B. The Theology of the Old Testament. Edited by S. D. F. Salmond. (International Theological Library.) Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.
Hardy, Mrs. A. S. Sea Stories for Wonder Eyes. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Leland, Charles Godfrey. The Alternate Sex. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1 net.
Morton, Major Charles G. Stratagem. Kansas City, Mo.: Hudson-Kimberly Pub. Co.
Niebuhr's Heroengeschichten. Edited by George E. Merkley. Boston: Allyn & Bacon. 50 cents.
Ormerod, Eleanor. Autobiography and Correspondence. Edited by Robert Wallace. E. P. Dutton & Co. $6 net.
Pendleton, Louis. A Forest Drama. (Fiction.) Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co.
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